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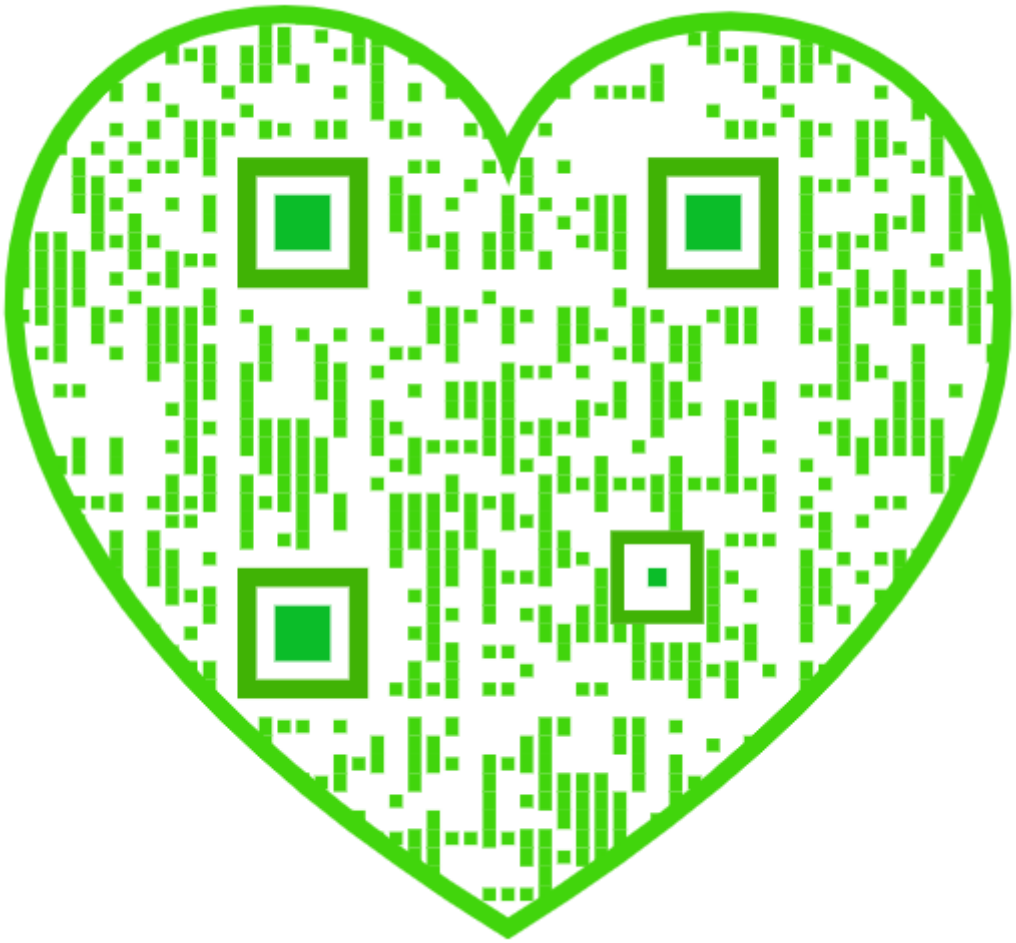

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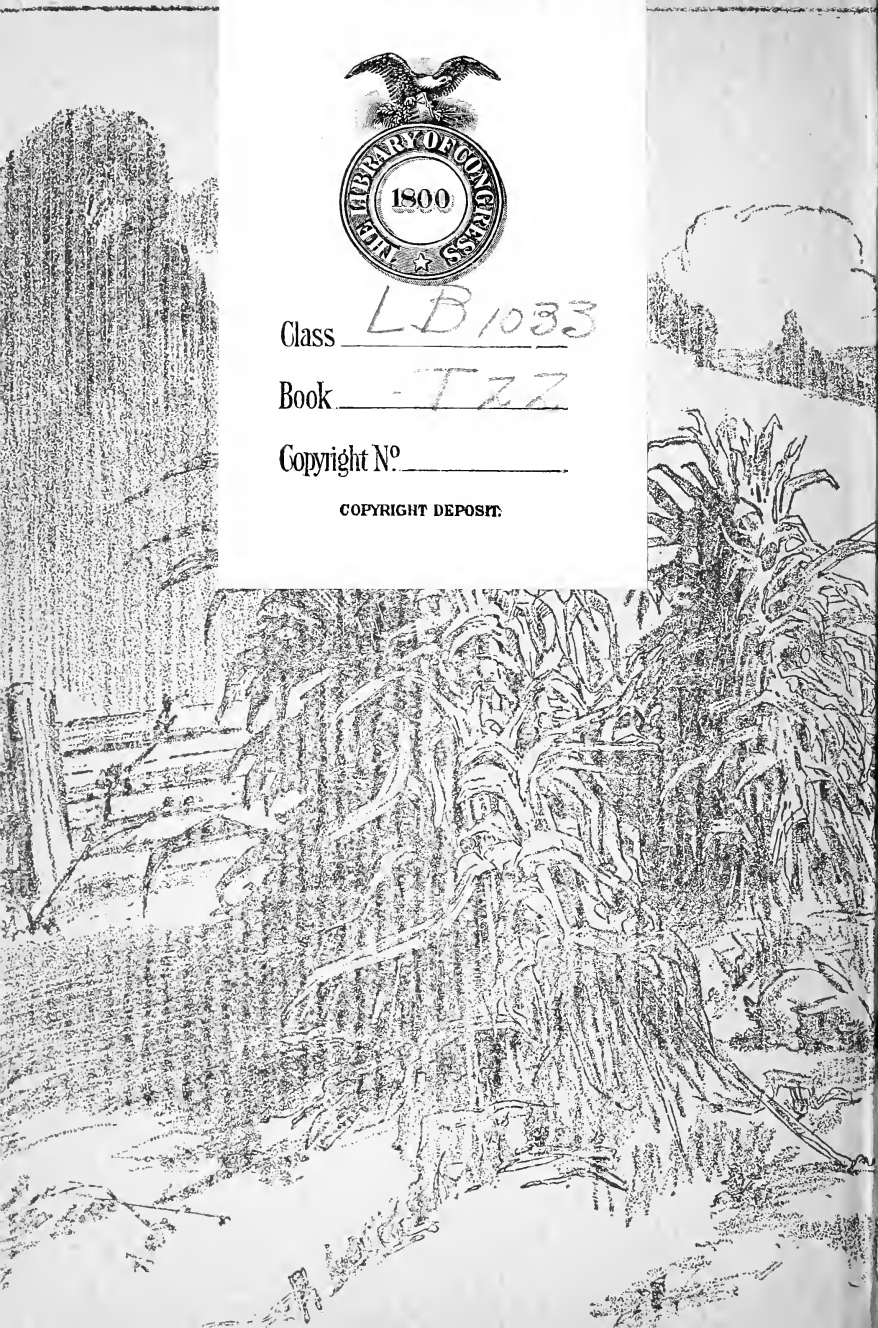

A. R. Dodson

Among Ourselves

A Schoolmaster with His Friends at the Round Table

By

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NO. 1

"Some truths are to be proclaimed from the house-tops;
Others told at the fireside;
Others still should only be
Whispered in the ear of a friend."

PREFACE

The intent of this little volume will probably become clear enough as the reader advances, and yet a brief foreword may quicken the understanding and give deeper meaning to many a paragraph. The semi-conversational style easily adapts itself to the purpose in view and gives it the advantage of the personal approach of the round-table, as well as a liberty of treatment that insures brevity and directness. The Superintendent is aware of the fact that he does most of the talking, but it may add to the reader's interest if he will feel perfectly free to talk back occasionally, as the impulse arises. The Superintendent really likes it, for it shows him that the teacher is thinking a little, and that is the main reason for these talks. It will probably help him and his teachers to understand each other and each other's problems better.

While these talks are mainly practical, he hopes that the fundamental principles underlying them will be constantly coming to the surface and giving them a significance worthy the high plane of the schoolmaster's art. The highest truths reveal them-

selves to our ken only in personal experience, and pedagogical doctrine is no exception. The bits of real life furnishing the texts for these little preachments are so suggestive that they need scarcely more than a word to set a true teacher a-thinking, which with the most of us is the one thing needful. The philosophy of life is not found in the clouds, but in the lives of the humble folk about us and in our own every-day experiences and consciousnesses. If we do not find it there, we shall not find it anywhere.

In studying the philosophical and theoretical treatises on the subject of pedagogy, one is apt to get the far-away vision, the star-gazing habit, and regard the every-day occurrences as commonplace and trifling. If these talks will help to magnify the importance of little things and help the teachers to see the Way and the Truth through them, the Superintendent will have joy. It does not detract from this purpose that the themes change so quickly; in that they conform to life's kaleidoscopic changes and to the opportunities of the round-table circle.

Decatur, Nov. 1911. A. R. T.

THE KANSAS TEACHER

AN APPRECIATION

The author is now some ten years away from a most pleasant experience as President of the State Normal School of Kansas. For nineteen years he served the good people of that wide-awake commonwealth of the plains in that capacity, and has many reasons for cherishing an abiding affection for them and their institutions. He has often had in mind a formal word of appreciation of the devoted band of teachers with whom he was permitted such intimate association, and to whom he is under profound obligation for much wise counsel and sympathetic encouragement, as well as for many generous confidences and honors. He takes advantage of this opportunity to express that sense of obligation, which is as much alive today as it was at the time he turned his face again toward the east.

He assumed the duties of the office named in the fall of 1882, as the state was making assured progress in its recovery from the misfortunes of the preceding years. The people from force of circumstances

had been accustomed to doing many things in a small way, in spite of the fact that the seers had often described the stars, which they saw thru difficulties, and that the poets had sung in inspiring strains of the accomplishments of their fathers and of the increasing glory of the Sunflower Kingdom.

They were, however, doing much constructive work, for their reverses had brought them into a better mutual understanding, which was naturally followed by a more sympathetic appreciation and affection for each other. They discovered that they had more in common than they supposed, though they still lacked much in coherence and unity of purpose. With an earnestness characteristic of the Puritans, they were already feeling their way towards a readjustment of their social and civic affairs and the reorganization of the machinery of government more in accord with their environment and their ideals of equity and justice. Being one of the most American of the States, the problems were more intelligently and courageously attacked in her borders than would otherwise have been possible.

The repeated failures of crops in many portions of the state made it necessary for the brightest young people, in thousands of families, to teach school in order to help meet home expenses and to pay interest on obligations for which homesteads had been pledged. That necessity, covering at least a score of years, probably brought into the schoolrooms of

Kansas the most serious-minded, the most intelligent, the most progressive, the most conscientious body of school teachers ever found in a state of equal age. A large proportion of them were sons and daughters of soldiers of the Civil War, many of whom were well-educated and well-read. A goodly proportion were children of teachers on one or the other side of the house, and a surprising number were graduates of colleges or normal schools.

The advanced system of county institutes, organized in the early eighties, brought a most helpful teachers' elementary training school within reach of every youth in the state. Its courses were well formulated on modern lines, and its teaching corps embraced many of the most able and progressive men and women in the profession in Kansas and from other states. In many places the whole community became interested in the institute, and thousands of citizens of both sexes, who had no thought of teaching, became regular attendants at lectures, and even at class exercises; mothers put aside their sewing; fathers closed their shops and offices; even judges adjourned court to hear the new evangel of pedagogy. The education of children and the improvement of public schools were topics of serious consideration everywhere. The day of the old-fashioned district schoolmaster was over, and the modern teacher, with no less consecration and enthusiasm, but with far better education and far better preparation, was rapidly taking his place.

The inadequacy of the county institutes for meeting the growing demands for teachers with still more liberal preparation for their work, resulted in an annual influx of hundreds of progressive teachers from eastern states, and in swarms of Kansas teachers, present and prospective, flocking to the normal schools and other institutions of higher learning, to avail themselves of the advantages which they offered. In ten years, the attendance at the State Normal School increased five hundred per cent., and at the other institutions proportionally.

The standards for the certification of teachers, under the stimulation of the State Board of Education and the hearty co-operation of school officials, became more exacting from year to year. Departments of pedagogy, manned by professionally trained instructors, were organized in practically every college in the state. Licenses to institute instructors and conductors were granted only to men and women meeting the most exacting requirements; the courses of study were revised and enlarged from time to time in accordance with the most advanced educational theory and practice; modern school buildings with liberal equipment were everywhere replacing the temporary structures of the pioneer days in city and country; the school laws were revised, and the whole system organized on a plane more commensurate with the needs of a progressive commonwealth, and in harmony with the spirit of the closing years of the century.

It is needless to say that the chief promoters of these great changes were the schoolmasters themselves. They cordially welcomed the outside recruits to their ranks, plunged enthusiastically into the study of the child, and of the history, the philosophy and the methodology of pedagogy; met frequently and regularly, often traveling long distances, to exchange experiences and to discuss methods of improving the organization and management of the public schools, and of increasing their own efficiency as teachers. Through the press and platform, they strove in every conceivable way to arouse public interest in education and to stimulate larger provision for its advancement. Because of their insistence, the legislature passed the law providing that candidates for the state certificate should have completed a full college course, or its equivalent, including approved professional courses in the five prescribed subjects, or, pass an examination in the same, a requirement that soon placed Kansas in the front rank educationally.

That all these beneficent and substantial advances could be accomplished in so short a time is explainable only as one realizes that the moral *motif* dominated all others in the average Kansas teacher. One could not be among them long without catching its significance and appreciating its influence in the development of the intellectual and spiritual life of the people. The devotion with which the early settlers had consecrated themselves to liberty was

not only inherited by their children, but characterized the kindred spirits who came later. It leavened more or less all activities, domestic, industrial, commercial, social, educational, and civil, with the leaven of righteousness; and conscience, rather than personal or partisan advantage, was manifest in the constructive force that wrought public sentiment and gave it expression in statutory enactments. Nowhere else was it more loyally instilled than in the schoolroom, nowhere else was character more highly magnified and virtue more faithfully inculcated.

High as were the scholastic and professional ideals in the certification of Kansas teachers, the moral ideals were as zealously conserved. There were exceptions, but I have often been impressed with the idea that Kansas teachers, as a whole, rank higher in the three characteristics mentioned than the rank and file of teachers I have met in other states. I have spent twenty years in college work in Illinois, with thousands of students entering from the public schools of more than a score of states, and I am convinced that the graduates of the Kansas schools reveal a training in methods of thinking, in habits of study, and in a preparation for college and normal school work, in no sense inferior to that of the older states, and often in many respects very superior. I have found no other state in which the professional side of the preparation for teaching is regarded as more essential for the grades or for the secondary schools. Late in the nineties, a poll showed hundreds

of graduates of normal schools and colleges in graduate study at some advanced institution of learning, pursuing special or professional courses, to fit themselves for better service in the schoolroom.

The *esprit du corps* of the Kansas teachers has always been a source of pride among them. Tho having their differences and rivalries, somewhat after the fashion of other mortals, they enjoy each other's fellowship, and strive for the improvement and advancement of all in a most commendable way. The fraternity spirit among them is so much alive that few teachers are disposed to apologize for belonging to the craft, as is rather common elsewhere.

Kansas has been finding herself more and more able to fill important principalships and superintendencies, as well as departmental headships in her secondary schools and colleges, out of the ranks of her own teachers. Many of them have been sought by school and college officials from other states, east and west, north and south. Among them I recall over a dozen college presidents, nearly half as many normal school presidents, nearly fifty college and normal school professors, and a long list of city superintendents and high school principals. There are assuredly several hundreds of them filling more or less important positions in the public and private schools in other parts of the country. I seldom attend a representative teachers' convention in any city without meeting some of them.

The efficiency of any system of schools is due as much to the intelligence and loyalty of the rank and file of the teaching body as to that of its leaders. That is the secret of the great strides which Kansas has made. That makes it possible to inaugurate new movements successfully and to build up the higher institutions of learning so rapidly. The real test is to be found there rather than in the number called to other fields and to higher responsibilities.

I have watched the educational developments in Kansas in these years of absence with much satisfaction, and rejoice that the old spirit still dominates and directs the mass of its teachers, and that it is keeping step with the advanced guard in other parts of the Union. As servants of the state, more than any other public servants, the conservation of her cherished ideals, her whole future, depends vitally upon the character and culture of the teachers.

Politicians may legislate, reformers may moralize, preachers may exhort, promoters may exploit, but without the teacher, retrogression quickly reveals itself everywhere, paralyzing the forces and the institutions that make for good order, for prosperity, and for righteousness, in the home and in the community.

George R. Peck used to say that the Kansas farmer must have been in the eye of Saint Paul when he wrote the seventh verse of the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians. If so, he possibly had the Kansas schoolmaster in mind when he wrote the three verses immediately preceding, for the oncoming genera-

tions are showing the training of modest, but master spirits, whose lives have been as forceful as their precepts, and whose examples have been as potent as the truths they inculcated. And yet it would be a pity and a calamity for any body of teachers to be content with no better service than that given by those who preceded them. With a better heritage, with larger opportunities, with improved facilities, and with more sympathetic public appreciation, they ought to be making greater strides in professional advancement and proficiency from year to year. I shall be grateful if these little talks contribute in some small degree to that end.

"Said Life to Art : 'I love thee best
Not when I find in thee
My very face and form expressed
With full fidelity,

But when in thee my craving eyes
Behold continually
The mystery of my memories
And all I long to be.'"

AMONG OURSELVES.

Wake Up! Whether you are a sleepy teacher or a sleeping teacher, it is surely time for you to wake up. The sun of the new education is already high above the horizon, and yet you seem oblivious to the light of this new day. Your fellow teachers are awake and at work. Your patrons are hearing about the discoveries in child life and the improvements in educational method. Your pupils see that you are stupid and slow, and they are running away from you. You are wasting precious time and allowing golden opportunities to go by unimproved. Awake!

"Taste the joy
That springs from labor."

Wash Up! Yes, wash up! A sleepy teacher needs to wash up. Nothing but a good body bath and vigorous rubbing will bring him out of his stupor and start circulation. The sleepy teacher is sure to be slovenly in person as well as slovenly in his schoolroom and in his work. A reform in externals through the generous use of castile soap and hot water is the first requisite for success. His

enjoyment of the day depends upon it; his clearness of vision is made possible by it; his success in interesting his pupils is enhanced with it; the atmosphere becomes pure and crisp and vitalizing; the machine becomes a man!

"He that hath clean hands shall wax stronger and stronger."

Brush Up! What! Do you ask a school-teacher to brush up? Even so, my brother. Your clothing as well as your hair needs brushing at least once a day, often twice. Your hat looks as though it belonged to a steam-thresher outfit, and your boots suggest the dairy-yard. Certainly you ought to brush up. While we are brushing, let us take a little turn at dusting your books, your desk, and the furniture generally about your schoolroom. Have you really failed to notice the cobwebs in every corner, the rusty old stove, and the greasy-looking black-boards? But you need to brush up mentally still more. You have not only forgotten many valuable things you once knew, but you have not been keeping your wits sharp and keen by study and investigation. You have been wrapped up in your own self-sufficiency and are as rusty as that old stove. If you do not brush up, you will soon go where it will go when a wide-awake teacher comes in at the front door,—into the old iron pile.

"Foul, cankering rust the hidden treasure frets;
But gold that's put to use, more gold begets."

Brace Up! If the washing and brushing be thoroughly done, you will feel so much like a new man that you will stand straight on your feet and wonder whether you will ever be sleepy again. This is the time to realize the

dignity of your work, to find in it problems worthy the ambition of any man, to cast aside your timidity and face duty willingly and fearlessly, to fortify yourself where you are weak, and to fit yourself for leadership. Your dependency and hesitancy have almost unfitted you for any aggressive action, and nothing but a new baptism of the spirit can give you that confidence which brooks no defeat. Let past ills and past misfortunes be forgotten in the new life upon which you now enter.

> "No great deed is done
> By falterers who ask for certainties."

Look Up! This leads me to remark that salvation will not come unless you look upward. The eye can scarce see a dozen miles on the level plain, but it can see a mountain-top a hundred miles away and a star in the infinite depths of space overhead. No man ever becomes wise or great or strong by clinging to his muck-rake. It is vision that awakens and quickens and inspires. It is outlook that calls forth impulse and multiplies power and vitalizes faith. The rut in which you have been running so long is pretty deep, and it obstructs your view. The little things that have been filling out each day's experiences have kept you contracted and narrow, both in head and in heart.

> "In your dull atmosphere, a thing so fair,
> Never tripped, with footsteps light as air,
> So glad a vision o'er the hills of morn."

Work Up! But what good is it to see and not to realize? What gain if you simply catch glimpses of

greater things and hear vanishing strains of nobler melodies? What you see and hear is possible of realization. A perfect understanding of what you are not makes that very ideal attainable,—not in an hour or a day, but in the coming hours and in the coming days. The notion that youth is the only time to learn died long ago. The man who is just out of school is but just prepared to learn; the teacher who holds a first-grade certificate is simply a little better prepared to learn than the one who holds a second- or a third-grade,—that is all. The man at forty ought to be seeing and learning many times more than he saw and learned at two and twenty. Proctor began the study of astronomy in earnest at thirty-nine. W. T. Harris began the study of French at forty. Hugh Miller's scholarship was attained while working as a stone-mason. G. Stanley Hall made his first systematic study of Froebel after fifty. Julia Ward Howe began to study Greek at seventy and became a fine Greek scholar. An hour of study per day now ought to do as much for you as five hours at the age of twelve. Can you not find so much time out of each twenty-four? I grant that you may be just waking up, but thank God for that, and go to work. Remember that he who aspires must also perspire if he is to accomplish anything.

"'Tis he, I know the manner of his gait;
He rises on the toe; that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth!"

Keep Up!

"To have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery."

It is not enough to work up; you ought also to keep up. No matter what your attainments may be, you will quickly fall behind if you slacken effort. New inventions, new discoveries, new methods, new adjustments of old devices, deeper insight, wider vision, greater economy of time and labor, readier agreement in theory and practice, characterize the advancing years. The only way to maintain your standing and increase your usefulness is to keep in touch with the best thought and to keep working at the most promising problems of the hour. By this I do not mean that you should feel it necessary to be acquainted with every little fad or novelty that forces itself into the pedagogical horizon, nor with the whole field of pedagogical literature, but rather with the main currents of thought,—those that touch all phases of our educational life, and with that particular one which relates more directly to your individual work. You ought to be familiar with the latest investigations in physiology and psychology, particularly on the side of the child and of the youth. You ought to know the pedagogical value of such inquiries, and understand how the results may be profitably utilized in the schoolroom. You ought above all to be bringing yourself more fully into sympathy with your children through a daily study of their dispositions, their limitations, their needs. A little self-study will help the process along materially.

These Three! A candidate for the ministry sought an old Scotch divine for counsel concerning his education. The veteran said to him: "Three things you need to succeed: learning, piety, and common sense. If you lack

the first, go to college; if the second, pray earnestly to God for it; if you lack the third, neither man nor God can help you!'' Brother, which one dost thou lack?

Throwing Off the Shackles. In the kindergarten talk at Clarke University this summer, I heard Dr. Hall say that he had spent a good part of a year studying Froebel, and that while he was profoundly impressed with his philosophy, he thought his system of gifts and symbols the most cumbrous and illogical piece of machinery he had ever met; it was probably the best that could be done in his time, but that teachers in this day and generation should be perpetuating the fetich exactly as Froebel fashioned it was incomprehensible. To the surprise of everybody, the leading kindergartners present were loudest in applauding his remarks. One of them followed him, maintaining that all true kindergartners were throwing off the shackles of the old system and in the clearer light of the new psychology were gaining a better understanding of Froebel and were giving his gifts and symbols a subordinate place among the devices now so abundantly at hand. Intelligent adaptation, not slavish following, is the watchword of the new school of kindergartners.

The Kindergarten and Child Study. It is hardly conceivable, but it is true, that many kindergartners are unable to see anything good in child study. They think that Froebel knew everything about the child and wrote it in a book. They can find it there; if not, it is not worth knowing. For the same reason the Mohammedans burned the Alexandrian Museum, insisting that all knowledge of any value is contained in the Koran. There are others,

however, that welcome it as one of the great movements through which they are to know and serve the child. They are delighted to see a little child sitting in the midst of the doctors of pedagogy and with joy receive the glad tidings of the new gospel. A kindergarten course without child study is already like a laboratory without a microscope, and our Froebelian fossils may just as well fall into line at once.

Licked for That! The hour was late and seven thousand teachers were tired out, having stood and sat through several long speeches at the opening meeting of the N. E. A. in the great Convention Hall at Washington. As the president introduced Hon. Webster Davis as the representative of the United States Government for an additional word of welcome, two or three thousand of them were on their feet moving toward the doors. In superb voice that reached every corner of the great building, he said bruskly: "What do you school-teachers mean? I was licked many times when a boy for doing just what you are doing now." Surprised at his bluntness and humor, nearly everybody turned back to his chair and gladly listened until the last word had been spoken. The rebuke is too often deserved by us. We are sometimes even brutally exacting of our pupils concerning order and silence and chatter away like magpies when others are on the platform. Half a dozen schoolma'ams around me say, "That's so," and yet several of them repeat the offense on the first occasion!

> "Oh, would some power the giftie gie us
> To see ourselves as others see us!"

The Glory of Dying. Probably no war has ever been conducted with such regard for the value of human life as the late war with Spain. There was a day when a leader thought it a disgrace to surrender to a foe until he had first sacrificed the body of his soldiers, even though defeat was a foregone conclusion. That day, thanks to humanitarian education, is gone forever. Never again will public sentiment justify the slaughter of an army simply to demonstrate the bravery of the slaughtered. Rushing to death when nothing can be accomplished by it is inexcusable suicide. Nobody calls Toral and Jaudenes cowards because, seeing the inevitable, they would not pander to a foolish sentiment and sacrifice their men in a hopeless resistance. The most glorious thing on that glorious Sunday morning in Santiago harbor was the splendid humanity shown by the American seamen in their efforts to rescue the maimed and helpless Spaniards from their burning and sinking ships. The meed of praise goes to the generous-hearted warriors, but the modest teacher in the little schoolhouse and the gentle-hearted mother in the quiet home yonder are the real authors of this great revolution in modern warfare.

He who helps a child helps humanity, with an immediateness which no other help given to human creatures in any other stage of their human life can possibly give again.—*Phillips Brooks.*

If a man deserves praise, be sure that you give it him, else you not only run a chance of driving him from the

right road by want of encouragement, but you deprive yourselves of the happiest privilege you will ever have of rewarding his labor.—*Ruskin.*

The Better Way. Vinicius, in *Quo Vadis*, greatly feared the gentler way of managing slaves as urged by the Christians in Nero's time. He tried it one day, and to his intense surprise was met with warm thanks and generous professions of loyalty. In writing to Petronius shortly afterward, he said he was almost convinced that the *new way* was better than the lash and torture. If thus for servants and slaves, why not also for the children in the schools?

The One Great Need. To this query of a friend, we answer quickly, *Yes and amen!*

"I have spent many pleasant days with my little friends here, but I often feel discouraged at the thought of how little I can do to minister to their needs. Their greatest need is that of worthy examples—but is that not the great need of children everywhere?—examples of uprightness, purity, gentleness of manner, and grace of speech?"

Morals as is Taught! *Puck* has evidently been eavesdropping, for the following is not all fiction:

Mother: Now, Willie, you told me a falsehood. Do you know what happens to little boys who tell falsehoods? Why, a big black man with only one eye in the centre of his forehead comes along and flies with him to the moon and makes him pick sticks for the balance of his life. Now, you will never tell a falsehood again, will you? It is awful wicked!

This old-fashioned way of imparting instruction is, we

hope, not among those over whose displacement by the new education some of our fathers mourn.

What Makes It Kick? I gave a kicking Brownie to a little friend of mine and he enjoyed it immensely for weeks, but his desire to know "how in the world that funny kick came in," as it rolled over at the foot of the incline, possessed him sorely. One day he tore open the Brownie's coat and found "only a ball" inside. He was satisfied, however, and was wiser than before, though he was minus a plaything. That boy is a philosopher, for he wants to know the causes of things. The Brownie was worth nothing compared with the knowledge and experience it gave him. The truth is, every boy ought to be encouraged to go to the bottom of things. That he has such a desire is cause for rejoicing. Do everything to keep it alive. In fact, never permit him to leave anything he is investigating until he has discovered what makes it kick.

In the Pantry. One day Eugene Field was found by a returning mother, in the pantry with the children making way with some victuals. All were in high glee. Enquiry developed the fact that he had called a few minutes before and, finding the little people alone, proposed a foraging party for their entertainment. Just how he wriggled out of the affair I have never heard, but possibly he compromised on "apple pie and cheese." Of one thing I am assured, the children defended him. He ought to have known that the pantry might not have been in its usually tidy condition, that there was nothing there "fit for visitors," that the children never went there without the express permission of mother, that it is wrong

to eat between meals, that it was hardly the proper thing for a caller to do; but the boy that was in him forgot all of these things and off they all went for roast lamb and cold slaw. It was his ability to become a little child,—mischievous, daring, merry, and then to rise up in an instant a big warm-hearted man, that made all the children his friends. It would be a dangerous experiment for a schoolmaster to lead the children into at least one pantry I could name, but there are other ways in which he might endear himself to the whole household if he but possessed the true spirit.

Father Superior. The position and the function of the superintendent or principal are not very well defined in many schools. In one, I recall, the superintendent hardly knows that his soul is his own, for the school board gives him orders about the minutest details, elects and assigns teachers, adopts text-books, fixes salaries, changes courses of study, buys apparatus, and makes repairs, without consulting him in any way whatever. In another, a few subordinate teachers run the superintendent and the entire system of schools. He never thinks of taking a stand on any question until he knows just how much support he can have from the cabal; indeed, he does not seem to know that there is any position to take until they speak. Both are dummies. In a third, the superintendent keeps well in touch with both the board and the teachers. He strives to know their views and to give them respectful consideration. He is conscious that the responsibility for the success of the schools rests in large measure upon his own shoulders, that his position gives

him a better view of the field as a whole than any one else; that as superintendent he must be the leader of his force of teachers and must be permitted to plan and direct their work. But each of them, as a

Mother Inferior, has of course certain rights and a certain individuality which must be respected. In cases of differences of opinion, free and friendly discussion will often find a solution satisfactory to all, but when the decision is made, deference should always be given to the views which the superintendent finally urges. Somebody must yield, and if the views of each of the individual teachers obtain, there is nothing but endless confusion. It is true that a subordinate has responsibility as well as the superior, but as an assistant her responsibility is not so grave as his. If the result be unfortunate, the blame lies with him, but only with him in case she has faithfully striven to follow out his plans and methods. A poor method with a proper spirit will accomplish much more than a good method without an understanding and coöperating spirit. But the true relation that should always exist between superiors and inferiors is found only as they work together as

Brothers and Sisters All! If each is recognizing the duties and responsibilities of his fellows, if each is conscious of his own need as well as of the needs of his coworkers, if each is thinking less of his own advancement than of the advancement of the schools as a whole, is ready to yield non-essentials gracefully and to strive for harmony on essentials, is ready to bear and forbear with old and young, is as jealous of the good name of every teacher on

the roll as of his own, is, in fact, always possessed of the true spirit of love and coöperation, there will be neither need nor desire for the father superior to exercise his authority, nor for mother inferior to bend the knee to an exacting lord. If some teachers were to work half as hard in their efforts to promote harmony and to strengthen the hands of their leader as they do to arouse discord, they would often be greatly surprised at the result. And, again, if some superintendents would only strive a little to understand their teachers and to assist them to understand the plans which they wish followed, the reward might not be less satisfactory than from the course they now pursue. Each teacher is a whole in himself, but he is also a part of the greater whole, the schools in which he labors.

If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come, they wished for come,
And nothing pleasant but rare accidents.

—*Shakespeare.*

Shearing, but Not Feeding. Dr. Johnson is said to have refused a very desirable pastorate because, to use his own words, "I am unwilling to shear a flock that I am unable to feed." If a little more of that same spirit were to enter into all of the professions, it would be a great blessing to humanity. The disposition to crowd into positions without fitting ourselves for them is the crying evil of the age. The tempting fleece rather than the food for the flock is the one moving desire. If such a great man

as Dr. Johnson was hesitating, how much more should we be assured of our ability to meet the demands, in the larger sense of the word, of the position to which we aspire.

Saw Himself. When Orson was about to strike down his brother with whom he was engaged in mortal combat, it is said that he saw his own image reflected in his brother's burnished shield and that his battle-axe fell harmless to the ground. In taking my pupils to task, I have often seen my earlier self reflected in them and have thus been able to understand them better, and have frequently been led to treat them more kindly on account of it. Sometimes the image has reminded me of failures to understand my teachers, sometimes of my inability to resist temptation even though conscious of wrong-doing, sometimes of a perverseness which I needed somebody to fathom, sometimes of a seeming disrespect which I did not feel nor intend to express, sometimes of the fact that once I was a boy with notions and passions very much like those of boys and girls of the present generation.

Kindling-wood. *The Sunday School Times* says that a certain church member was being put down by a neighboring pastor as poorly educated and evidently of little value to the congregation to which he belonged, when his own pastor interfered and said: "That man is worth one hundred dollars per year for kindling-wood. He has a warm and sympathetic nature, and his zeal never flags. He is always at prayer-meeting and his simple, heartfelt testimonies seldom fail to arouse and quicken interest on every side." How often are teachers' associations kept alive by just such a man or woman. The one who throws

in a cheery word now and then, who leads in generous applause as a good point is made, who comes early and shakes everybody's hands, who insists that "we have had a good meeting, and it has done me lots of good," is just as necessary to the maintenance of a live teachers' association as the brethren and sisters who do most of the thinking and talking along the lines of higher criticism. This very same phosphoric little body often excels his more philosophic brother in the schoolroom, because his pupils are always alert and eager to learn.

"A Kind of Schoolmaster's Laugh!" Recently a distinguished speaker was addressing a company of students and indulging in a reminiscence of his school days, when he remarked that "the teacher laughed, a kind of schoolmaster's laugh, you know!" Since then I have been wondering what a schoolmaster's laugh is, anyhow: whether it is really different from that of the preacher or the lawyer or the merchant or the politician; whether it is dyspeptic or healthful, sad or merry, suppressed or free; whether it is like that of a Shylock or a Falstaff, of a Uriah Heep or a Peggotty, of a Jeremiah or a Zagloba; whether it is like the coarse guffaw of the Northmen or the rippling roundelay of the Castilian maidens, the rich roar of the mountaineer, or the gay cackle of the gondolier, the amused grunt of the Kaffir chief or the silly giggle of the girl of the period; whether he laughs with his hands on his sides or on his head, with his mouth open or shut,—explosively, repulsively, expulsively, or effusively,—grammatically, mathematically, æsthetically, or apologetically,—sincerely, hypocritically, patronizingly,

painfully, or pleasurably, lazily or industriously, affectedly or naturally, boldly or timidly, conceitedly or depreciatingly. Does he laugh in orotund, oral, pectoral, guttural, or nasal tones? Does he laugh impulsively or reflectively, individually or collectively, disjointedly or in a logical order,—proceeding from the known to the unknown, from the concrete to the abstract, analytically or synthetically? Does he laugh like the ghost that pursued Gabriel Grubb, or the witch that hailed Macbeth? Does the schoolmaster laugh at all? Does he not simply smile? Poor schoolmaster!

AND some are dreams that thrill with joy,
And some that melt to tears;
Some are dreams of the dawn of love,
And some of the old dead years.

—*Eugene Field.*

As soon as a man sides with his critic against himself, he is already cultured.—*Emerson.*

Undefined! In writing concerning the moral and religious character of a certain teacher, a correspondent says that it is "undefined." If his moral character is not yet defined, ought he to be placed in charge of anybody's children? Think of it; a man of "many years' experience" and yet with an undefined character! No wonder "salaries are low and he seeks a better paying position." Herbart is not the only man who reminds us that moral character is the sole end of all education.

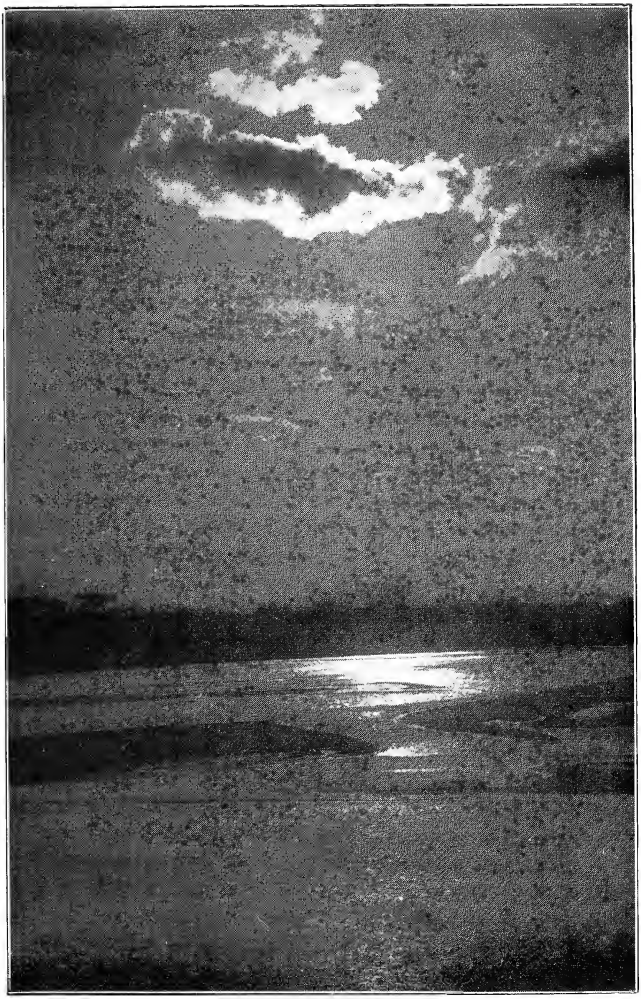
Things to See. A teacher must learn what things to see and what not to see. He must have keen eyes and

quick ears, seeing and hearing everything, but overlooking, so far as his pupils may know, the thousand little things which come about by accident or through the innocence of the children. Some things are essential; on them hang the law and the prophets,—and they must not be passed by. Others are thrown out as feelers by the mischief breeders, and their meaning should quickly be discovered. Miss Smith, over in No. 29, is always in hot water because she has not learned what she may wisely overlook. She frowns if a child smiles when she thinks he ought to look sober; she scolds when he yawns, even though he has sat for an entire hour in a close room without moving a muscle; she calls him back for a "love tap" on Tom Brown's shoulder just one-tenth of a second before she gave the signal for the line going to the playground to break ranks; she detains him after school because he accidentally touched his slate against his chin when trying to get it into his desk, causing a little girl near by to giggle just one whole giggle, just one! Now, if these things were all done by one boy, there might be some reason for alarm, but they were not. The little offenders are as innocent of wrong-doing as babes, and yet Miss Smith frets and stews as though they had committed crimes against the decalogue. No wonder every child in her room is nervous and restless. It were a miracle if they were otherwise.

Man to the Tenth Power. In speaking of the intensifying of the individual which the colleges are attempting, Dr. Jordan says: It takes a man's "best abilities and raises him to the second power, or to the third, or to the

tenth, as we say in algebra." Could anything more happily express the work which education does for the child? In his evolution, he simply multiplies himself, rises from one power to another, and education helps the process along. The question is: At what power shall the movement stop? Shall it be at the third, or the thirteenth? As there is no limit to the power to which a number may rise, so there is no limit at which the mind must stop. If given intelligent direction, it soon, of its own volition, rises another power, and at each step gains the added strength needed for its onward sweep toward the infinite. How puerile our old three-R conception of education beside this ideal for our youth!

That Leyden Jar. Dr. Behrends is quoted by the *Pilgrim Teacher* as saying of one of his college professors that he never used a text-book. "He was so full of excitement that he was all over the room, in every conceivable position, graceful and awkward, standing, sitting, and leaning on his desk, in the chair, on the window sill, in the middle of the floor, and everywhere the same excited and exciting person." No one could touch him without receiving a shock himself. That description reminds one of Ruby's star performance on the piano,—"and the thing busted!" And yet that wriggling, gyrating, textless teacher is held up as an example to Sunday-school teachers! Possibly we need a shock to waken some of us up, for there are many teachers that several volts would not harm, and so we get it in this turn of the electrical machine, but let us pray to be preserved from such nervous contortionists as are here described.



MOONLIGHT ON THE KAW

"And the dusky depths of the willows thrilled
As the echoing music rose and rang,
And the clouds bent down and their dews distilled
Like tears of joy, while the cat-bird sang."
—*Ernest McGaffey.*

From
KANSAS LANDSCAPES
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By O. P. Barnes

Pupils whose attention is secured in such a manner will not be doing much profitable thinking in the classroom. A teacher should be a Leyden jar, well filled and under complete control, but not breaking out here and there in all manner of ways, blinding the eyes, shocking the senses, and frightening the children out of their wits.

The Lesson of the Tree. All good, strong trees have roots corresponding in size and surface to the branches above ground. The character and wealth of foliage and fruit depends entirely upon the work which the roots are doing in the earth beneath, out of sight and sound. Quietly, ceaselessly they gather nourishment for the tree, sustaining its life, extending its branches, enriching its fruitage. The more active they are in the dark, underground, the more vigorous the tree. The same is true of the teacher. The more work he does in his study or in his laboratory, the more he is able to do for his classes. If he spends much time alone investigating, gathering, thinking, planning for them, he is the better prepared to meet their demands and to stimulate them to greater effort. No one should rely upon spontaneous inspiration. He ought to make such a preparation that he goes before his classes gorged and filled with his subject, as the root-cells of the tree crowd each other with the rich food they are hurrying forward to the branches above. Such a teacher goes to his class feeling, as Hazard expresses it, that he "must teach or burst." And such a teacher as that will never fail to sustain interest in his pupils.

Salt, Soda, and Quinine. And now comes the story from a town in Missouri, that the vigilance committee,

which is usually active in every community, has just discovered that the teachers of that town have been in the habit of giving their pupils salt as a punishment for the first offense in whispering, soda for the second, and quinine for the third! Evidently such a logical grading of penalties could not spontaneously rise in any corps of teachers, and it must be the result of much experience and earnest counsel. That asafœtida, nicotine, and strychnine did not get into the list of deterrents is possibly due to the activity of that committee. "Some sensational developments are expected when the matter is presented to the school board." Well, let them come! The sooner the better. We wait with breathless interest the result of the deliberations of the board on this latest of methods for preventing whispering. We are a little inclined to think that some sodium or cinchona trust is behind the innovation and that it has more currency than is generally supposed.

Finding the Heartache. William Allen White told the students at the State University the other day that all of their learning would amount to little, if with it they do not also become so intimately acquainted with humanity and its pulse beats that "they can find a heartache as quickly and as unerringly as they can find a star." Well said and truly said! An education that fails to awaken the sympathetic side of a child's nature, and to keep it growing and expanding and responding to the life around him as he rises into manhood, must result in ruin to the individual and to the community. No interest should engross him which displaces interest in his fellows.

No attainment in scholarship or statesmanship outweighs love and devotion to the interests of humanity. That man, that teacher, serves the world best who hears the cry of distress before it is uttered and who counts its relief the manliest act that he can perform.

English. Here is what Professor Hart of Cornell University says of the most vital subject in American intellectual life—vital because it is the principal medium through which truth is conveyed from soul to soul:

"The school is to give the most thorough training in English, not merely, not even chiefly, because such training is needed in college, but because such training is the vital and informing spirit of all education. The school is to do its duty by all its scholars, whether they afterward go to college or not, because the ability to state one's knowledge in clear and proper English is the one unfailing test of knowledge, the one universally recognized badge of scholarship. Why should the study of English be thus set on a pinnacle, as it were, dominating all other studies? Or, in the serio-comic words of a professor of the classics, why should the English department have the veto power? I can answer only in the form of a paradox: The study of English should dominate everything else precisely because *it is not a study* but the acquisition of a habit, of an art, of an indispensable gift. This acquisition can not be hurried through with a year or less of special 'cram'; it implies slow, patient, unremitting effort year after year, under incessant supervision and correction. It is emphatically anything but an easy process for the average scholar. It means the appreciation of synonyms in a

language singularly rich in shades of meaning but singularly defective in the outward signs by which to recognize them. It means the appreciation of word-order in a language which has little or no syntax proper, and in which word-order counts for nearly everything. Above all, it means the implanting and cultivation of the *sense* of *form* in young persons to whom, or to the greater number of whom, form, that is, the saying of a thing properly and effectively, is an unknown quantity."

IF we study nature in books, when we go out of doors we cannot find her.—*Agassiz.*

STICK to your frog, if you are studying frogs, and he will teach you more about the science of animals than can be learned from all the memorized classifications that you can bracket out on a hundred rods of blackboard!—*David Starr Jordan.*

To Be! A ministerial friend of mine occupying a most desirable pulpit under the shadow of one of the great universities of the country was called to his present position not so much on account of what he was, but rather on account of what he was going to be. The university authorities could not find a man of mature life who in their opinion could meet the demands of that pastorate, so they chose a comparatively young man, whose vigorous brain and bounding blood were giving promise of great things. They set about to train him for their service, and now he is already their leader, trusted and worthy. Many school boards and churches could profit by this little story.

The True. If Plato be right in saying that the beautiful is the splendor of the true, then that philosophy of the beautiful which ignores its ethical basis is superficial and misleading. It also follows that æsthetic emotions are best aroused as the moral emotions are healthy and vigorous. People often wonder at the moral obliquity of many talented musicians, when all agree that music is heaven-born. Artists, at whose touch the dull canvas becomes a thing of radiant life, lead an erratic and dissolute existence. Poets, who give form and speech to the subtlest emotions of the soul, are strangers to the simple faith of the peasant. Seeing these things, many parents look upon music and art and poetry, with all of their kith and kin, as emissaries of the evil one. They fail to see the distinction between art as an end and art as an expression of an idea—an idea which must be even more beautiful than the thing expressing it. They do not note that the very fascination which art possesses even for the immoral is due to its birth in the true. Nothing is ethical which is not beautiful, and nothing is beautiful which has not the similitude of the good and the true. Ethical longings get their highest satisfaction in the æsthetic emotions. When all education recognizes this relation, then many of the difficulties in the management of children will disappear.

Than St. Mark's or Vesuvius. A friend of mine, in the midst of an entertaining letter from Italy, suddenly stops describing the beauties of Venice, of Florence, and of the Imperial city, to relate a short conversation with a little girl whose merry prattle had attracted his attention.

As he closes the incident he apologizes for mentioning it and explains that he turns aside from the piles of marble, the temples and palaces, the volcanoes and mummies, the lovely landscapes of rare Italy, to this little child, and finds her more interesting than them all! And what true heart does not say, amen! There is nothing in all God's wonderful creation, in all earth, or air, or sky, so marvelously formed as this little creature, fashioned after His own image. The study of chemistry, with its revelation of the subtle forces that lock and unlock the elements in their ever-changing forms; the study of geology, with its strange and thrilling story of the building of land and sea, of the mighty cataclysms by which the mountains were made; the study of astronomy, with its dazzling and bewildering visions of unnumbered celestial worlds;—each and all together are, with their companion sciences, engaging the time and labor of a multitude of devoted lovers, but these all sooner or later discover their unity in the Mind of which the child is the image. It then becomes again the most interesting of all the themes in human experience. Are we teachers realizing as we ought the dignity of our calling and the nobility of the child that invites us to its study?

Watch the Machinery! As we were driving past a field in which a mower was doing poor work, a farmer said to me: "My neighbor has many mishaps with his machinery and his repair bill is a great item of expense each year. I have more machinery than he, but it costs me little to keep it in repair." "Why the difference?" I asked. He replied: "*I always watch my machinery.* If

a nut comes loose, I see it and tighten it before it falls off; if a bolt breaks, it is at once replaced; if a belt begins to give way, it is spliced; if a bar is bent, it is straightened at noontime; if a journal gets hot easily, it is promptly adjusted; if the cog wheels make too much noise, they are equalized: and so I seldom have a serious mishap." His machines are always in order, they run easily, they do good work, and as a result he is always in good humor himself. Not so with his neighbor. He repairs his machines when they will run no longer. A jar or a rattle is nothing to him, and when the crisis comes he has the bill to pay. His temper is in keeping with his machines and he is eternally grumbling about the way things are going. If there be a school-teacher who cannot see the application of the above, he ought to surrender his certificate and —*buy a farm!*

Re-create. In teaching pupils to sing, Superintendent Powell strives to develop the impulse to *re-create* everything they utter—to appropriate what they meet and then to express it as their own. It is the old principle of putting yourself in the author's place, seeing what he saw, feeling what he felt, and then speaking as he spoke; but it has a wider significance, in that it tends to the development of the pupil's own resources, to the quickening of his impulses to self-activity, to habits of original thinking and acting. What though the efforts are crude at first, what though he makes many blunders in thought and form, they are vastly better than any parrot-like imitation or repetition of author or of teacher. One day the individuality will succeed in expressing itself in such a fresh

and original way that some people will think a man has come to town!

Whose Fault? Statistics show that from 80 to 85 per cent of the children in the public schools drop out before reaching the high school. Somebody is to blame for it. Is it you? Is it I? Is it all of us? Is it the system? If you are not interesting the children in their work, nor helping them to glimpses of the attractive storehouses of knowledge beyond, then yours is the blame. If I am not widening their vision, not begetting keener appetites for beauty and truth, then I am at fault. If all of us are not exalting the manhood and womanhood of generous culture and are not constantly drawing the children to us and to it, then the condemnation comes to all. If the system does not reach the various sides of the child nor tend to bring him into harmony with the ideal life, then the system needs readjusting at once. I have a lurking little suspicion that the fault may lie in any of these and that a little more devotion to one's own sphere and work will soon show a great change in the attendance at our high schools. It is said of a certain ward principal in Kansas City that nearly every single pupil completing the work in his building entered the high school, while often a small per cent entered from many other wards. The contagious, unflagging, irresistible enthusiasm and tact of the principal affected alike teachers and pupils. Shall we not go and do likewise?

Shall Teachers Dye? In speaking of a certain candidate recently, a member of a school board said: "I quickly made up my mind about him. He had evidently

dyed his beard and his hair before interviewing us, and I prefer a natural man." So say we all of us. There may be a reason for the use of dye stuffs, but its meaning on a man's face is just as evident as on his clothes and he ought not to expect it to pass where fresh and bright goods are in competition.

The Architect of the Divine. Not the Divine Architect, but the architect of the divine. William Hawley Smith says he visited a magnificent high-school building which he failed to examine because he had only time to visit the recitations. He said, of course buildings and apparatus "are all well enough and we must have more or less of them; but you know there are houses not made with hands that are greater than hands have ever made; and to see that possible architect of the divine—the teacher—actually at work upon the sacred materials he has to deal with—to see this any time and anywhere is a sight for gods and men."

"Nobody Kisses Me!" A little girl almost within the shadow of the Normal building, said to a motherly neighbor the other day: "Nobody kisses me! Mamma is always too busy and my grandpa and grandma and my aunties spend so much time with other people that they do not have time to love me!" And with this she burst into an uncontrollable fit of weeping. Poor child! If in these tender years she is denied the caresses of those she holds most dear, how cold and dreary must all life seem to her; how dwarfed and stunted must be all of those nobler emotions which spring from loving and being loved. *Whoso offendeth one of these little ones, offendeth me also!*

Eternal Vigilance. A letter came to the office the other day from one of the promising young principals of the State. He took pains to educate himself for his work, is popular with his pupils and patrons, and is ambitious for promotion, but this letter given to the public would drive him from almost any position in Kansas. What was the matter with it? Only this, in two pages he had made several egregious mistakes in capitalization, violated nearly as many rules of grammar, ignored or misused punctuation marks *ad libitum, ad infinitum.* He can only maintain his standing by being continually watchful of every detail, even the most minute. These little things—they are not little things—reveal the character of the man more truly than he imagines, not necessarily the man as he now is, but as he soon will be, if he continues to be careless.

Let the Child Gape. The other day a little girl in front of my pew innocently gaped during the sermon. In her anxiety to have the child do everything properly, the mother gently patted the little mouth shut. I was pleased at her tenderness and yet could not but think how over-anxious she was in noticing such a trifle and what a mistake she was making in suppressing that quiet little effort at relief which the child's comfort imperatively demanded. It but illustrates many cases, however, and it too often happens that the reproof is very harshly administered. For very innocent and most natural actions children are constantly being humiliated and punished by thoughtless parents and teachers. Recent investigations show that in a great majority of a long list of cases of punishments, the

offenses were of the most trivial nature, many of which should never be noticed at all. Scores of times have I seen children sent out of the room crying because of an unreasonable whim, or a puerile notion of propriety that suddenly possessed the head of the family. Let us not forget that children are children and must be permitted to act as children. Be watchful of the essentials, even in little things, but do at least let the five-year-olds gape occasionally, if they wish.

The Curfew Tolls! This old-time custom is rapidly reviving, and many towns throughout the West have found it a helpful way to keep the hoodlums off the street after nine o'clock at night. The street has always been a school of vice, but the street at night is the anteroom to the worst place named in the dictionary. Why parents permit boys and even girls to mingle night after night with its filthy, foul-mouthed rabble cannot be explained. There are some good boys on the streets some times at night, but the regular frequenters may be put down at once in the doubtful column. Alas, some homes are no better for the children, but in many of them, they at once go to sleep which is some consolation anyhow. So favorable are the testimonies of citizens in cities where the ordinance is in force that all good people ought to urge its adoption everywhere. *Let the curfew toll!*

Time for the Boys. The other day I was conversing with a father, a farmer, about his boys. All of them had been studious and ambitious, several of them going through college and into the learned professions. He said: "I will tell you the secret of it all; my wife always

had time to answer their questions. No matter how busy or tired she was, no matter how many questions they had asked during the day, from the moment they could raise an interrogation point until they were off to college, she found time to answer every question even about the most trivial thing, carefully, kindly, and intelligibly. Their mother has always been ready to plan and to talk with them and they have always prized her counsels." How many fathers have failed to do this themselves for their boys. In how many homes do the inquiries of the children secure nothing but ridicule and rebuff. Curiosity and wonder, without which every child must remain a dunce, are brutally stifled and suppressed at every turn until the children get wise enough to ask no questions and to smother even the longing for the affection and confidence of those who brought them into the world. Is it any wonder that such parents are disappointed in their children? Better take time for the children. You must do it sooner or later. If not when they are prattling about your knees, you will do it as they grow into their teens and into manhood and womanhood in sleepless nights, in long and bitter hours of anxiety and remorse.

Possibility and Recognition. Great possibilities and grand privileges are not uncommon, they are indeed very frequent and general—the rule rather than the exception. Possibility and privilege is one thing, recognition of them through gaining real success and true greatness and creditable distinction is quite another thing. Many a one who thinks he has never had a chance has had a mul-

titude of chances, but did not recognize them and take possession. If all who hear my words would use rightly their talents, would develop possibility, would accept the promises and obey the injunctions, the roll call of the eternities would show a long list of the great, the worthy, the distinguished, and the successful in this company. Great are the chances, the openings, the opportunities—such are the universal laws of life, but only the fully worthy, the genuinely noble, the truly holy, the rich in godliness are able to triumph gloriously and possess the things that last forever. God uses men, but those alone who are in harmony with the conditions, who are willing to put themselves into the proper attitude of usefulness, who are able to be sincere in fidelity and thus carry out the laws of God in the gaining of things of value, eternity and indestructibility. "Many are called but few are chosen," not because many are not desired, nor necessary to the great work of the world, but because the few alone are ready and respond to the call. Heed the call, be ready for the service, prepare for great things, is the proclamation of the King of Kings, the Maker of destiny—the Rewarder of the upright in heart.—*Dr. H. H. Seerly.*

The Heart of Gold.

"A sunbeam, sunk in the black pond, told
Of the sky so blue with its heart of gold,
Till out of that black pond's ooze and mould
Sprang the lily white with its heart of gold."

Had the sky no heart of gold, neither the lily nor its

heart of gold would rise in pond or strean. A lesson is here for every teacher that will stop a moment to think.

"The Boys Were Gentlemen." The highest compliment ever paid to the gentle, the wise-hearted Gerson was that, after he had gone, the common people were wont to say: "The boys were gentlemen in Gerson's day." Reflecting upon this, I wonder whether this same record might not be worthy the ambition of any teacher. As one's work is done, to have the assurance that the children under his care have not only grown wiser and stronger, but that they have also grown truer, nobler, gentler, is compensation enough for a life of toil and sacrifice. Confidentially, how is it with the children in your schoolroom these days? Are the boys gentlemen and the girls ladies?

That Bath-tub. Following close upon the action of the Chicago School Board, the Boston board, "after a heated discussion," has decided to introduce the bath in one of its schools as an experiment. Children who come to school unwashed or poorly washed are to be turned into the bath until the proper grade of cleanliness is attained. That a Boston child should be insulted by the suggestion of the need of a bath has roused the old spirit of the revolution, and hence the bitter protest of the common people. But the school board is right. The health of teachers and pupils alike demands the bath-tub with hot water, "Pearline," and crash towels, for children who do not have such luxuries at home. Filth is the breeder of all kinds of loathsome diseases and it has no place in the schoolroom.

The Teacher's Ubiquity. The *Eureka Herald* says a city teacher recently found it necessary to give a small boy

a "little talking to" for stealing an apple. He was very repentant and was evidently sorry for the offense. The teacher, in order to make the lesson a little more impressive, asked him this question: "Who sees you at the time and takes note of your misdoings?" The little fellow, in a tearful, trembling voice, replied: "You do!" Many a boy or girl has a similar notion of his teacher, and it is not a bad reputation for the teacher to have. If the child thinks the teacher is pretty sure to discover his sin, it proves a great help to resist the temptation. Later, the strength gained enables him to resist from higher motives. Many teachers fail in government because they are not everywhere with their pupils and not always awake to their failures as well as their needs.

"Only Eight Months of School." "Well, the city is out of money and we must do the nine months' work in eight." Just so! But the school-teachers will then be out of money too, I suppose. Would it not be better for each of the four or five hundred tax-payers to pay three or four dollars apiece extra to continue the school nine months rather than that each of the thirty teachers should be asked to accept from forty to fifty dollars less for the year's work, thus practically making the taxes of each just that much? But the injustice is even greater to the children, for that extra month's work is necessary in order that the most of them may properly maintain their class standing and complete the course. Just such a reduction as this discourages and drives out of the schoolroom many of our best teachers and sets adrift hosts of boys and girls who otherwise would be found at their posts. I know that such a

reduction sometimes seems a necessity, but more often it may be avoided by wise planning and a very little sacrifice on the part of the patrons.

Where Has Curiosity Gone ? For the first five years of a child's life everything has interest for him. He is so eager to learn that he can often keep two or three people busy investigating and answering his questions. He carries much of this same longing into the schoolroom, but how soon it is nearly all gone ! How soon does he lack all interest and how soon it is necessary to drive him to his tasks !—Tasks ! Ah, that is now the proper word to use ! But what has become of all that glowing, that irrepressible wonder which was never satisfied until the tired eyes closed in sleep ? Who is responsible for it ? Wherein has the teacher failed to adjust himself to the child so as to increase and magnify this thirst to know ? I entered a room recently where the children were taxing the resources and ingenuity of the teacher to meet their multitudinous appeals for information, while in the same building the pupils of another teacher were inattentive and stupid beyond belief. Each was responsible for the condition of her pupils and each was getting her reward. The first found joy in her work ; the second found drudgery in it, nothing more.

Love Them ! "What shall I do to my seventy little foreigners that roll into my schoolroom every morning ? They speak fourteen different languages and their faces and clothes are covered with even a greater variety of dirt. They are as turbulent as so many little pigs, and I am constantly at my wits' end to know what to do with them." So said a young teacher to me two years since. I replied:

"*Love them!*" She laughed and said: "I have been doing that, and they all love me dearly, but that is a little thing to do." And yet it was the greatest thing she was doing, for out of her love sprang a thousand little devices whereby she might serve the children, and coming spontaneously, unselfishly, it proved helpful beyond any ken of hers. So she worked away, loving them and serving them and making sunshine for them and teaching them to serve each other, and one day she was surprised by a call to a larger city and better pay. Here she works as earnestly as ever, and here the children love her just the same; but I often wonder whether they need her as much as those "seventy little foreigners" who drew so strongly on her affection and patience. The more loveless the lives of the children, the more we need to love them.

"**Not a Candidate** for reëlection"—Why not? "Because I have already served two terms as county superintendent, and the prejudice against a third term is so strong that I do not care to ask my friends for their support further." There are probably twenty or thirty just such county superintendents in Kansas to-day who have been eminently successful in their offices and who by virtue of their experience and acquaintance with the schools of the county would be two or three times as valuable as any other man could possibly be, and yet, on account of this foolish sentiment, are set aside for an untried man or woman. If it did not mean such a great loss to the teachers and the children of the county, we might be content; but in their name we raise our protest and urge the friends of the schools everywhere to rise in their might and right this

great wrong. Little permanent improvement can be made in the schools of a county as long as these frequent changes in the superintendent occur. That county or that city which has attained to any efficiency or to any eminence in the educational world has reached it by the wise guidance of a single man, and not by a constant change of men. There is neither educational nor business sense in this "anti-third-term" cry, at least so far as it pertains to the superintendency. We have been deploring it long enough. If the teachers will demand, with practical unanimity, the renomination of competent and faithful superintendents, the politicians will readily yield to us. The next election is not too far ahead for us to begin to agitate the question now.

Character. A teacher whose school is made up of "odds and ends," writes me asking for a definition of character. It may be defined as the sum of all the elements that go to make up the individual, his knowledge, his disposition, his habits, his temperament, his motives, his standard of right, his ambitions. Accordingly anything that could be truthfully said of him would be naming some element in his character. It may be good, bad, or indifferent, but it is character just the same. Character is very different from reputation, the former being what a man is, and the latter, what he is thought to be. So a man of bad character may have a fine reputation, and one whose life is as pure as that of an angel, be regarded with suspicion by many people. Reputation often has great commercial or social value, hence it is a common thing for people to be more solicitous about it than about their

character. In the long run, however, character and reputation are usually in accord, for the time at last comes when one's real character becomes known to all. Take care of the character and the reputation will sooner or later take care of itself. The same teacher wishes to know

"**What are the Conditions** of its growth and development." A volume is necessary to answer this question. Any condition will develop character, such as it is, but for the development of character in the noblest and best sense of the word, a healthy, Christian home is the first and most important requisite. No other forces combine so effectively to awaken the sense of respect for others, the spirit of self-sacrifice, the impulse to serve one's fellow men, true ideas of justice, and lofty conceptions of manhood. The love and sympathy and mutual confidence, and the infinite forbearance of such a home, combined with the purity and sacredness of its atmosphere, as naturally produce exalted characters as sunshine and moisture and rich loam produce towering oaks and sturdy elms. Character is a growth, and these quiet forces slowly but effectually evolve it. Next to the home, a good school embodying as many of the features of the ideal home as possible, supplies an essential condition. Good companions and good books are auxiliaries of incalculable value.

"**Are They Self-existent** in the child or can they be created in the school?" This question is already partly answered. Capacity for development is necessary. A child with sense enough to learn anything, furnishes the subjective condition. A little acquaintance with him will soon discover his intellectual bias, his emotional tendency,

and his control of himself. A knowledge of what may be expected of a normal child is just as essential as a knowledge of this particular child, for thus only can a fair idea of the work of teacher or parent be obtained. The objective conditions should be provided in the school; they are to be found in the subjects taught, in the way they are taught and the resultant habits in the child, in the management of the school, and above all in the character and the spirit of the teacher. I can conceive of nothing in the way of surroundings, in the books provided, in the physical condition of the schoolroom, in the method and the manner of the teacher, that does not contribute its part in determining what the child shall be. Neatness and order, promptness and system, thoroughness and perseverance, truth and sympathy in the schoolroom always become more or less fully a part of the child.

"**What is Your Method** of building up a strong character?" Believing as I do that the chief function of the teacher is simply to produce continually certain favorable and stimulating conditions, for arousing the child's activities, I would set about at once to provide the conditions already suggested, in the fullest possible measure. They are the permanent factors always at work and always co-operating with the various forces which come into the life of the child with each new experience. If the teacher now comes into close personal relationship with the pupil, even to the exchange of friendly confidences, a further powerful factor has also been introduced, victory already being assured. To discriminate readily between right and wrong, to find pleasure only in doing the right, and to be

able to follow the behests of the better self are the elements making up the ideal character. A well-trained intellect is, then, just as necessary as a well-trained will. The two must always be conserving each other, the emotions continually stimulating their cooperation. The needs of each child being known, every little experience, every bit of real life, every lesson story, every tale of self-denial, of sorrow, of struggle, of defeat, of victory, of justice, of retribution, may be utilized to clarify his notion of right and to awaken impulses to right doing. Never-failing sympathy, abundant patience, little chiding, frequent encouragement, wise management of the little things, never fail in bringing satisfactory results. Keep close to the child and one day he will keep close to you and to your ideals.

Potato Tercentenary. (1896.) As we are enjoying our Thanksgiving festivities the tercentenary of the introduction of the potato into Ireland by Sir Walter Raleigh is being celebrated by the Irish people. Tubers Peach Blow, tubers Peerless, tubers Early Rose, tubers Beauty of Hebron, tubers Neshannock, tubers St. Patrick, tubers Snowflake, and tubers galore are on the exhibit tables of the Irish Gardeners' Association vying with their cousins and their uncles and their aunts in doing honor to the name of Sir Walter. "The exact spot where the blessed plant took root and blossomed to become forever after the prized product of Irish and European soil," will be covered with garlands and made more sacred in the eyes of Emerald's sons than ever before. In bringing the little tuber to Europe, Raleigh strangely but forever united his name with the destinies of the two continents, "an alli-

ance of prose and poetry" which will make his name memorable when his other deeds will long have been forgotten. This bit finds a place here to enable me to say that at no other time could such interest be aroused in the study of this great staple, the most common, the most palatable, the most wholesome of all the vegetable foods that come to the tables of the Anglo-Saxon, the Teutonic, and the Celtic races. Its history always reads like a fairy tale, but at such a time as this it glows with added interest, particularly to the young. The wide-awake teacher takes advantage of such anniversaries and celebrations to give them reality and significance which ordinary days fail to emphasize. What an event in history! What a mighty cargo of provisions for the oncoming millions did Sir Walter carry in the curious root-stocks as he returned to his old home that November in 1596!

The Difference between a good and a fairly good teacher, to say nothing of a bad one, is incalculable, but, like all things of the soul, inappreciable to the general public.—*G. Stanley Hall.*

"Some sow the seed and sit and wait
For suns to shine and rains to fall
And mourn the harvest comes so late,
Or fear it will not come at all.

"Some, single-minded, still work on,
Nor stop to ask or understand;
The rose-bloom of success is won,
And harvests ripen at their hand."

Finish Every Day and be done with it. You have done what you could. Some blunders and absurdities, no

doubt, crept in; forget them as soon as you can. To-morrow is a new day; begin it well and serenely, and with too high a spirit to be cumbered with your old nonsense. This day is all that is good and fair. It is too dear, with its hopes and invitations, to waste a moment on the yesterdays.—*Emerson.*

Always Sunshine. "You will always find her room full of sunshine. That is the reason her children love her so!" Exactly! There is no day in the year, however gloomy it may be outside, but that you will find it bright and cheery within. The rays are not sun's rays, but rays coming from her warm heart and her cheery face, rays that will penetrate any gloom and transform the most common-place room into a fairy's bower.

"What You Put In!" A favorite educational principle just now is that one gets out of every experience just what he reads into it. A friend to-day said that "we get out of children just what we put into them—they respond in kind." The truth is that the larger part of the child's life is of this responsive character, and skill in presenting the stimuli determines not only the nature of each individual response, but in due time the entire character of the child. Heredity and imitation have their proportionate influence, but here is the far greater reason why children are so much like their parents. The difficulty in managing children is not so much in the children as in ourselves.

Merry Outside, but! "That teacher is one of the merriest young women in all my acquaintance, at home or in the social circle, but the moment she steps into the

schoolroom she becomes as rigid as an iceberg and does not relax during the day! I have tried to break her of the habit, but have failed." So said a zealous superintendent to me recently. Any one who has taught school can understand that an emotion with such a tendency comes to all of us as we stand at the teacher's desk for the first few times, but many of us also know that we are heavily handicapped until we succeed in throwing it off entirely. This intense self consciousness ruins work and destroys that spontaneous reciprocal action between teacher and pupil, which is the charm of all true school-keeping.

Scrub Out! The Chicago school board is just now making some radical changes in methods of caring for school buildings. Hear what it says: "The sanitary care of the school buildings is in keeping with the knowledge, or rather ignorance, that obtained twenty years ago in matters of hygiene, germ theory, and germ propagation." Says Dr. Stewart Johnstone: "Our present knowledge in this premise would call for a modern system of ventilation and the scrubbing of floors with a disinfected solution at least once a week, as well as walls so finished that they could be gone over with a disinfectant as frequently. I am persuaded that improved care of these public rooms would lead to great diminution of all infectious diseases in both children and adults."

Grade Yourself! I am now receiving from the teachers' agencies the following confidential inquiries about teachers referring to me. Grade yourself on these points:

(*a*) Scholarship (thorough, good, or only fair)?

(*b*) Could teacher have remained in any position he has

occupied had he so desired? If not, why? Has there been a failure, or a partial failure, in any position? If so, for what cause? Can he retain his present position? Why does he leave? If you had a position open in your school such as he seeks, would you engage him?

(*c*) Are you confident teacher could manage successfully a very difficult room? Has he never failed in discipline?

(*d*) Does he use tobacco? Liquor? Play cards? Dance? Use profane or obscene language? Has his character ever been questioned? Is he of a quarrelsome disposition? Member of any church? What church, if any?

(*e*) Neat and becoming in dress? Any unpleasant mannerisms? Any peculiarities or eccentricities which in any measure disqualify him for a position? Voice gentle, well modulated, or harsh? Cultured, or comparatively indifferent to social requirements? Refined, polite, or indifferent, gruff, or brusk? Conversational ability? Use good English?

(*f*) Single or married?

Politics Not All. At the State Teachers' Association, one of the speakers insisted that politics should be a part of the school work, for "it is that only which makes history." The idea is no less erroneous than the old one which imagined history to be simply a recitation of wars. We thought that teachers generally are now agreeing that both of these subjects are but a small part of the real history of the world. No work on history is now acceptable anywhere which does not magnify and exalt those great

movements in human history compared with which politics and wars are scarcely worthy of mention—the rise and growth of the world's great industries, its commerce, its literature, its art, its religion, its morals, its educational systems, the development of its natural resources, etc., etc. Come, brother, wake up!

The Rugby Way. The Master, in speaking to the boys about the Doctor's way of introducing reforms, offers a good hint for us all. He said the Doctor quietly, naturally puts a "good thing in the place of the bad, letting the bad die out; no wavering and no hurry—the best thing that can be done for the time being and no hurry for the rest." This is in sharp contrast with the bluster and impatience so frequently manifested in certain superintendents and principals even in our day.

With a Withe! "Mary whipped Henry with a withe," said the speaker, and thirty school-teachers had to go to the dictionary to discover whether he pronounced the last three words correctly. Try it yourself and consult the *International.*

Quit It! It is high time to stop making fun of the children's efforts at writing in rhyme or prose about the beautiful snow and about spring. There is a time in life when every child naturally wishes to say something about both, and he is entitled to the privilege, just as you were. It is a part of his development and ought to be encouraged. More, the immortal poem about each is to be written yet, and many millions of people must make the effort before it is done. Shortly before Tennyson died, he thought it not beneath his great genius to write an Ode to Spring.

A KANSAS CORN FIELD

"The lazy zephyrs lisp,
Through corn fields dry and crisp,
Their fond regrets for days no more returning."
—*Eugene Ware.*

From
KANSAS LANDSCAPES
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Hard Times. One of the young men of the University writes me that the work of the students has greatly improved since he was there several years ago. He believes it to be the result of the *hard times*. "Formerly many of the boys and girls felt that their parents had plenty of money, and they could just as well have a good time while the opportunity offered, but now they see the necessity of economizing and of anticipating their entrance into real life. They now give a great deal more thought about what they are going to do when they finish their college course. What blessings may sometimes follow seeming adversity!" This is but a repetition of the true story everywhere. Fathers and mothers too frequently mourn because they cannot supply their children with plenty of money, when in many cases it would be their ruin. These hard times may have their sorry side,—they also have much of comfort. They stimulate endeavor and make men where prosperity makes pigmies. Blessed be hard times; for they sooner or later bring us true prosperity.

Then and Now. In speaking of the introduction to the new course of study proposed for the Kansas schools, a leading teacher said, "That could not have been read intelligently by the teachers twenty years ago." Which remark reminds us that at that time there were very few teachers in the public schools who pretended to know anything about psychology, particularly as related to education, and that a far less number had any acquaintance with a work on teaching with any philosophic basis. About that time the translation of Rosenkranz's Pedagogics began to put life into the dry bones, and the leaves on the mulberry began

to shake a little. Some pioneers had struck out into the new field, and many teachers were doing "a sight of thinking," but they were exceeding wary of any book even slightly sprinkled with metaphysical terms. Since then books have multiplied so rapidly that the bibliography of education makes a great volume itself; terms then strange and ponderous have become as familiar as household words; the educational problem has shifted around a dozen times; and now there are few teachers in any locality who are willing to acknowledge that they have not heard of the change that has come over the schoolmaster, at least by parcels if not distinctly. For a half dozen years the giants have been disputing over the meaning and application of a few terms coming prominently forward with the Herbartian psychology, and they are now moving on to other questions of great attractiveness, and, possibly of greater importance. The average teacher can no longer afford to be abashed in the presence of these terms, and for their sakes we attempt a simple explanation of a few of them.

Apperception. Robbed of its metaphysical cloak, it is simply the process by which the mind interprets a new experience by bringing to bear upon it the knowledge gained in past experiences. Everything one learns becomes a part of his mental mechanism, and as it becomes organized into himself, this *new self*, with each recurring experience interprets and gives it a meaning which is always colored and determined by the effect past experience, past knowledge, has had upon the self. The principle has long been recognized, but not generally well defined; neither has its far-reaching function in education been understood by many.

It has given startling emphasis to the idea that in all instruction the psychological order, or the order in which a subject develops to each individual mind, must ever be paramount to the logical order.

Concentration. This word shifts the view a little. It means rather the bringing of past related knowledge to bear upon a present experience, than of the self as organized as a result of past experience or past knowledge. It refers more specifically to the knowledge used than to the self. We may say that we apperceive by concentration. If there be no concentration, there is no apperception. Concentration is the means by which we apperceive. It is the process of applying self and what self knows to the understanding, the apperception of the present experience. All of this being true, it is held by many that it is possible to arrange a course of study so related that each item of knowledge shall be so successfully anticipated by that which goes before, that a vast amount of time and labor shall be saved to the children, and that the educational results shall be far more satisfactory than at present.

Correlation. To do this, the interrelations of the various branches of learning must be discovered and the subjects so organized into a course of study that they will not only be mutually illuminating and stimulating each other, but that they will be arousing all sides of the child's activity and promoting the harmonious development of all his faculties. That there is such a relationship and dependence, no one disputes, but the extent to which it may be wrought out in a general scheme of studies or in a practical way in the schoolroom is the live educational problem.

Correlation discovered and expressed in a formal way without regard to the relation of the subjects to the demands of the growing mind would be of little value, but with these demands controlling, it will furnish invaluable aid in utilizing the principle of concentration in the schoolroom.

Law of Congruence. This principle was given special prominence by the able report of Dr. B. A. Hinsdale to the National Council of Education in 1895. The natural and spontaneous tendency of certain muscles and of other parts of the physical organism to act in mutual accord, as well as a similar tendency on the part of the different mental faculties, suggests at once the idea that the work of education would be greatly simplified if this tendency were more generally recognized and its real nature better understood. Concentration will be profitable only when in accord with the laws of congruency. Nature will not be forced. She has her own ways of doing things, and man is most successful when he works in harmony with her. If he furnishes the conditions in the way and at the time she demands, she will do the rest, and her response will be in generous measure. The principle is just as true in the subjects of knowledge. There is a certain congruency, a definite way in which they come to reenforce each other, based upon the laws of association and suggestion, that must always dictate their arrangement in any course of study. The subtleness and delicacy of their interactions, and their dependence upon the particular state of the consciousness at the particular time at which they come in contact with it, make the problem of correlation one of

the most difficult in all pedagogy. It is easy enough to prepare a scheme in which the different subjects are mechanically correlated, but the contingencies of congruency are so numerous that there must always be left room enough for its free play. So the laws of concentration and correlation are all subservient to the supreme law of congruency.

"Over Their Heads!" Teachers as well as preachers are frequently talking "over the heads" of their children, and consequently the little people lose interest and no profit comes. Recently a friend of mine talked very entertainingly to some children, and yet it was evidently of more interest to the older children than to the little people. In order to satisfy myself as to the effect which the talk had upon them, I asked one whose age was much above that of the average if he could give me the meaning of some of the words which my friend used. The following is the result:

"Poise means boys;" "Triumph means to work harder;" "Swoop means something to drink;" "Wisdom means smart;" "Discover means first one to find out;" "Provides means to give you;" "Microscope means look at through a glass."

The boy said he did not know the meaning of victim, national emblem, rapidity, impressed, Assyrian, Babylon, vivid, and Isaiah. There were many words which I noted that I thought were too difficult for the children, that he defined very satisfactorily. There were others which I was satisfied he could not define, but they came too rapidly for me to note. The boy is a very intelligent

little fellow and is considered by his teachers as more intelligent than the other boys of his age.

Anniversaries. Superintendent Gove, of Denver, issues an order to the principals of the several schools in that city to fly the national flag from sunrise to sunset on the opening and closing days of each term, on national and State holidays, and also upon the following named days:

1809—Feb. 12: Birthday of Lincoln.

1732—Feb. 22: Birthday of Washington.

1865—April 9: Appomattox.

1775—April 19: Battle of Lexington.

1822—April 27: Birthday of Grant.

1789—April 30: Inauguration of Washington and, 1803, contract signed for the purchase of the Louisiana Territory.

1607—May 14: Founding of Jamestown.

1844—May 27: First telegraphic message.

1777—June 14: Adoption of the flag by Congress.

1775—June 17: Battle of Bunker Hill.

1807—Sept. 2: First trip of steamboat.

1783—Sept. 3: Treaty of Paris.

1862—Sept. 22: Emancipation Proclamation.

1492—Oct. 12: Columbus discovered America.

1781—Oct. 19: Cornwallis' surrender.

1783—Nov. 25: Evacuation of New York City by the British.

1620—Dec. 22: Forefathers' Day.

No Parting There! A teacher in Ohio, recently lectured her children on the subject of combing the hair

and incidentally severely condemned the habit of young men parting their hair in the middle. True to a peculiar instinct that comes spontaneously in some quarters, a dozen boys came to school next day with their hair carefully parted in the middle. She invited them into the cloak-room one by one, and they came out properly balanced. Now the parents are siding with the boys and insist that their personal liberty has been infringed. A lawsuit is likely to follow. We hope the courts may decide this matter at once. There are certainly too many boys parting their hair in the middle and too many girls parting their hair on one side. If the habit is not soon suppressed by the strong arm of the law, what awful results must follow!

Punish at Leisure. By this I do not mean that we should punish leisurely, though that may be a good injunction. I mean that we should take plenty of time to consider the nature of the offense and of the punishment if any should be given. Too many people punish children upon the impulse of the moment and regret it afterward. All such punishments do more harm than good. The teacher as well as the pupil should be self-possessed and should thoroughly understand the matter before he is ready to administer any punishment.

Expect the Best. We are probably all guilty of underrating the capacity of our pupils, and they soon imagine that we do not expect much of them. Various reasons may be named, but the child usually acts as his experience teaches. When in college, my classmates and I usually prepared our lessons much better for a certain professor

than for the others, because we knew he would not only expect the best from us but that he would be content with nothing else. Some of the other professors were disposed to accept plausible explanations of failures and were constantly inventing them themselves, or at least appeared to be doing so. If we are expecting the best things from our pupils, they naturally respond, and find pleasure in doing them. No boy or girl ever amounted to much in the schoolroom or out in the world who understood that little was expected of him. Hold high ideals before your pupils constantly and encourage them to strive for their realization.

Time-keepers. C. P. Huntington, the great railroad magnate, says that even when a boy he noticed that some workmen were always watching the clock and that the moment it struck, they threw down their tools wherever they happened to be and adjourned for dinner. Others took a few moments to finish the work in hand so that it might suffer as little as possible, evidently thinking more of their work than of their dinner and their rest hour. He now asserts that these men who watched the clock are still watching it, while the others have attained unto a competency, and many of them to high and responsible positions in the world. If any one succeeds, his mind must be upon his work and not upon his meals. His constant desire must be to do something useful and not to spend his time in leisure. There are a multitude of school-teachers who are faithful enough in beginning and closing on time each day, but who do not find a moment

outside the legal hours for serving their children, and for improving their work. They are merely *time-keepers.*

Had Not Seen Him. Recently I happened to call at the desk of a principal who had just finished a letter to the father of a bad boy telling him that it would be necessary for him to be withdrawn from school. The principal kindly read the letter to me. A word in it interested me at once. I inquired of him whether he had seen the boy himself. He said that he had not seen him, but that his teacher had been laboring with him a long time and had exhausted all her resources. I took the liberty of suggesting that he had a personal responsibility himself and that he might be doing the boy a great wrong by suspending him without making an effort himself to reclaim him. The letter to the father was withheld and I have every assurance that it will never be sent. Principals and superintendents have a personal duty to perform which they are frequently overlooking. A little intelligent co-operation on their part will often prove most valuable to the subordinate teacher. The call to the superintendent's room puts a little more serious aspect upon the conduct of the pupil and impresses the necessity for immediate reformation. Of course all cases should not come to the principal, but because all should not come, it does not necessarily follow that none should come.

Shall He Smoke? The superintendent of Dolores county, Colorado, has refused to issue a certificate to teach to a graduate of the Toronto University, though he meets all scholastic requirements. She bases her refusal on the fact that he is an inveterate smoker and that the

law requires teachers to give instruction on the evils resulting from the use of tobacco, which she thinks he cannot do. Probably he might serve as a concrete illustration, and would need to theorize very little about it. Her position will bring the matter before the state board of education and the question will soon be settled whether the coming teacher shall smoke.

A CRY in the night; a lullaby song;
A chase through the fields for a butterfly;
Then musket-rattle, cannon, bell, and gong;
And night again, and hands that wring good-by.

—*D. S. Landis.*

Benefits of Travel! "Well, I don't see any difference between the people in Kansas and in Indiana; no Injuns yet," said a middle-aged lady as she stared at the natives crossing the street at Newton yesterday. A man responded: "Why, no; do you not remember that these people have all come from the East? They are just as refined and live in just as comfortable homes as any in Posey county." After a long sigh, the old lady again exclaimed: "Well, I do say! Sidewalks here too! One learns many things on the cars that he cannot get out of books!"

"Did Yer See My Name?" "I rode over to St. Joe, t'other day, and wheeled up in style to the old Jesse James house and carved my name on it. Did yer see my name in the papers next day?" With all the satisfaction of a hero, the boy leaned up against the depot and the others looked on him in admiration. Here was a school of three and here was a lesson that a whole week of con-

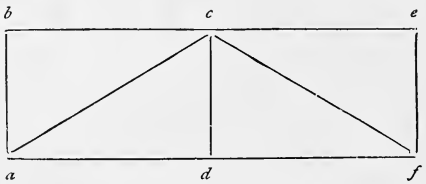
scientious teaching by the most skilful teacher could not correct nor efface. In our plans for work in the home and in the schoolroom, we must not forget this other school and this other teacher that so easily touches the inner nature of the child and fills it with deadly virus. Talk about muzzling dogs to prevent their biting the children! Far greater gain would come, if we could but muzzle some of these teachers of the street!

Mr. Barber! "It was Mr. Barber, you know him, who first started us to try to get a better education. He talked to us boys and girls, and we have been at work ever since." So said the leader in a company of bright-faced young people who stood before me the other evening asking questions about the Normal. For three years he had been among them, and though he had gone to another field, they were still keenly eager for something better than they yet had known. I am free to say that I envied Mr. Barber a little just then, for no teacher could wish higher reward than the quiet testimony of those high-school seniors to the quickening influence of his devoted life. God bless you, Mr. Barber!

"Don't Take Home with You!" In a window near the Union depot at Kansas City, among a medley of wares displayed, is a four-by-six envelope containing "four rich and racy photographs." In large type is the suggestive instruction, "Don't take home with you, however!" Well, where are they to be taken? Certainly to no clean place; the devil knows best where! Is there no way of stopping this nefarious business? Does Kansas City imagine that she can wink at such things and not always

be reaping the whirlwind? Here is a good chance for her city papers, which have often proved a terror to evil-doers, to lead a reform. Clean out those show-windows. Put wholesome, inspiring pictures, pure and stimulating books in them and encourage the boys to seek the light rather than the dark.

Jona Piper, an old-time fellow institute worker, ran in on us the other day. He is feeble in body, but clear in brain still. In a word in "56" he said: "This diagram shows the assistance the child needs in education. At *a* he is helpless, and the assistance he needs is represented



by *ab*. As he grows in body and mind, he needs less and less of parent and teacher until at manhood, *cd*, he stands alone, free. As old age appears, he needs just a little help, then more and more, until he is helpless at *f*, and then,—all is over!" In his earlier years, Mr. Piper used but the rectangle *abcd*, but now at seventy he adds *cdef*. A pathetic story that whole rectangle tells, and yet it is the history of every effort, of every triumph, of every life!

THE child-heart is so strange a little thing—
So mild—so timorously shy and small
When grown-up hearts throb, it goes scampering
Behind the wall, nor dares peer out at all!

It is the veriest mouse
That hides in any house—
So wild a little thing is any child-heart!

Child-heart! mild heart!—
Ho, my little wild heart!
Come up here to me out o' the dark,
Or let me come to you!

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

Slow in Starting. In my yard is a large rose-bush, loaded down with the most beautiful and fragrant roses in our corner. For several years that bush stood there obstinately refusing to grow. It was watered, and cultivated, and fertilized, and yet responded only with a few sickly looking leaves and a warty little branch or two. Last summer it ran up and out so vigorously that it even outstripped some of its most hardy neighbors and now eclipses them all with its glorious June blushes. There are many children just like that rose. For some reason they sit stupidly among their fellows, apparently learning little and growing less, and yet one day they surprise everybody by their keen interest, their ready judgment, their wide grasp of details, their unsuspected powers. Do not overlook these slow ones. Many of the greatest men of all history did not wake up until they had passed the age when most others had done their best work.

Always Do Your Best. Not many weeks ago, a friend of mine was urging a certain teacher for a position, when the response came, "I happen to know of her being called upon to do some work recently and there was nothing right about it." Her friend reported his reception, when she burst into tears, saying she "did not

know that that work was of any importance." When shall we learn that anything which is worth doing at all, is worth doing well, and that the little things we are doing every day make up our reputation?

Try a New Spot! Superintendent O. tells me that in driving mules over the plains, he found that in applying the whip to the same spot always, it soon had little effect, but that if he reached around to a fresh place, the mule promptly responded with a quicker pace. The principle holds good in the management of children. If we keep hammering away at one spot all the time, they are not affected, but if we change the point of attack they are easily aroused. Let us utilize this little bit of philosophy from the mule-driver. If one incentive fails, try another, and another.

Dear, Dear, What Can the Matter Be? The *Atchison Globe* says: "There is a new war-cloud in the sky, and sympathizers and opposers of slavery never took a more bitter part than is taken by those engaging in the skirmishes that prelude the first battle. It is a war between normal and university graduates, and the earth will soon be covered with torn-up diplomas, hair, and school books, and the sky spattered with blood before the fight ends. If you haven't seen the signs of an approaching storm, ask some school-teacher about it. If she is a high-school or university graduate, praise a normal graduate to her, and fizz! bang! will go the powder. It's awfully silly, but awfully real."

Good Enough! A friend of mine, a county superintendent, has a boy of six, who was permitted to go with

him several times to visit schools. At one school he discovered several pupils evidently deceiving their teacher in the recitation. In his talk to the school afterward, the superintendent told the old story of the ass donning the lion's skin, laying special stress on the appearance of the ears which finally revealed the deception. One day after he had forgotten the incident, he mentioned the fact that he had a good many schools to visit and wondered how he was going to reach them all. Looking at his little tot, he said in a serious way, "Could you not visit some of them for me?" The boy said he could, and that he would ride the old mare while his father could take the buggy. "But," said the father, "you must make speeches, you know." Hesitating a moment, he replied that he thought he could do that, naming several little speeches he had committed. His father said none of them would be suitable, but at last with as much dignity as a chief justice, the child said, "I can tell that jack story, and I suppose that will do!"

That Teacher No Good! "Well, she had been highly recommended, had she not?" "Yes, but she is no good, just the same. She works hard enough, but she is only a miserable plodder. She evidently could wash dishes and sweep the house as well as most people, but she does not know how to handle boys and girls. She was probably a good classroom student, but she is blind to the beautiful world outside of books. She is good enough and sweet enough, but she is such a negative creature that she never stirs up anybody else to be good. She may be interested in her work, but her pupils are the

worst idlers I ever saw. She is as quiet as a church-mouse herself, but bedlam breaks loose in her school several times a day. She may know all about scientific grammar, but she cannot talk one minute without violating some simple principle in language." And on he went, with *buts* enough to satisfy anybody that the teacher was "no good." Now, who do you suppose recommended her? A superintendent who knew that she was "no good," but—and here the round of *buts* begins again, but—

Forty Thousand Dollars! President Knappenberger recently startled the graduating class by declaring that it owed the State of Kansas forty thousand dollars, "for that is the sum the State is now paying each year for the support of the State Normal School." That amount and more the State expects to come back to it in the way of better service to its children in the public schools. In a similar way is every boy and girl educated at the people's expense indebted to the State. The money going into the public schools is given because the people consider it a profitable investment. Whenever they are convinced that it is not, the supply of funds will promptly stop. In these days when so many people think that the State owes them everything, it is well to remind them of their personal indebtedness to the State. Who has a better opportunity to do this than the teacher? If he fails to send the children out into life conscious not only of their monetary obligations but also of their great moral obligations to the community, he too fails to discharge one of his highest duties.

Its Real Endowment. Dr. Leffingwell says that ' the real endowment of an institution of learning is not in bonds and real estate, but in the consecration of noble lives to her service.'' Large incomes are desirable, but the consecration is essential. Money makes an institution independent, but consecration makes it serviceable. Kansas boasts of her schoolhouses and her princely public school fund, but if the hearts of the teachers are not correspondingly large and their devotion to the children not correspondingly great, there will be little gain. Money may command talent, but the children need more than that in their teachers; they need loving, sympathetic companionship, that unselfish devotion which is akin to that of the mother, that self-sacrificing service which love only is always begetting.

"Great Scott, Mary!" The patience of little Mary's mother was exhausted, and so the child was sent upstairs to think over her offences and decide what she was going to do about them. She soon appeared below with a cheerful face, and her mother said, "Well, Mary, what did you do upstairs?" "Oh, I told the Lord all about it and asked him to forgive me." "And what did he say, my child?" "He said, 'Great Scott, Mary! You are not half so bad as many other children I know!'" It is possible that Mary may not have been so bad as her mother thought, and also that our own weariness and nervousness may often cause us to think that our children are much worse than they really are. Oh, that some good spirit would the giftie gie us to see these little creatures as the Lord sees them!

The New Birth. Neither philosophy, nor art, nor ethics, nor any sort of science can get through you to the children in sealed packages. Truth must be reborn in you before it is schoolroom wisdom.—*W. L. Bryan.*

Not to Die, but to Live. One of the speakers at Denver said we ought to teach our young men and women not how to die for their country but how to live for it. That is the true doctrine. Enough men have been dying for the country. What we now need is that everybody should live for it. Forgetting ease, forgetting self, forgetting gain, forgetting aught but the common good, let everything be done with the happiness and prosperity of the community only in view. Better patriotism than this cannot be taught anywhere.

What Did You Lose? "Nothing." Beg pardon, my friend, but you did lose something. It was a glorious opportunity to give that discouraged pupil a kind word of sympathy and to make him feel that he has a friend in you. It is too late now and the chance may never come again. These are rare moments in your pupils' lives, and unless you are constantly watching for them, you will always be missing them. Your own soul is drying up for the lack of the joy that would come to it from giving just such help to your pupils.

Be Definite. The bane of much of our teaching is its indefiniteness. Pupils get vague notions of things and imagine them knowledge. They have no shape in their minds and never find expression in language. This dreamy way of thinking soon becomes a habit, and then farewell to all positive mental growth. Do not tolerate

it in yourself nor in your pupils. Know one thing well rather than a mere smattering of a hundred. Remember for the thousandth time over that it is not important how much the pupil knows, but rather how well he knows it.

Teach with a Hook. Lachlan Campbell, in speaking of a certain young preacher, said: "A fery nice young speaker and well pleased with himself. But I have been thinking. There was a laddie feeshing in the surn before my house and a very pretty laddie he wass. He had a rod and a string and he threw his line peautiful. It was a great peety he had no hook, for it iss a great want, and you do not catch many fish without a hook." That's it. Pretty manners, graceful language, good humor, excellent order may characterize a teacher's work, *but* if there be no hook on his line, what is it all worth?

With Enthusiasm. A pupil said to me the other day: "I like my work fairly well, but the teacher is so poky and slow. He has no enthusiasm and little method. I like to have a teacher interest me. I like to have him stir me up. I like to have him make me hungry for something." One that reads this was that teacher, but he is not the only one who fails in this direction. Too many of us lack in spirit and in devotion. Nothing is so infectious as enthusiasm, and many otherwise ordinary teachers are successful because of their unbounded enthusiasm. Wake up, my brother; move a little more rapidly, my sister. Even your pupils see how much of a machine you are and how lifeless is your teaching.

Wash and Be Clean. It does not take long to wash your face and hands thoroughly clean while you are at it,

and it adds much to your general appearance. A good body bath twice a week will make you feel like a new creature and will be a wonderful comfort to your friends. No school-teacher can afford anything else. The other day I heard a pupil complaining about a teacher, and that teacher was a woman, too, and the burden of her complaint was that she evidently had not had a good bath since the warm weather began! Shame on any teacher whose sloveliness calls forth such a criticism. Out on all who are too lazy and too shiftless to keep themselves and their clothing clean!

Ventilate. There are five thousand schoolhouses in Kansas, if the estimate be correct, where ventilation receives little or no attention. It seems strange that the foulest place in the district should be the schoolroom. Recent investigations in New York, San Francisco, and other large cities show a deplorable neglect of the simplest principles of sanitary science. In many places filth from sewers, cesspools, and factories contributes its unholy share to the noxious air that rises from defective closets and dark, damp alleys. Though windows may be raised and registers open, the air reeks with poison still. It were a consolation if these were the only places where the health of the children is thus endangered. Whatever limitations there may be in the large cities, there is no excuse for vitiated air in Kansas schoolhouses.

Microbes. A Southern scientist has taken up the cudgel in defence of the microbes. After showing how beneficial they are in the water we drink, the air we breathe, the food we eat, and how needful is a generous

stock scattered throughout the body for its healthful functions, he almost makes one wish to add this petition to his daily prayer, *Lord, give us an abundance of microbes.* The article shows how little many of us know of the hidden life round about us and it comes also as a reminder of the existence of those subtler spiritual forces which are everywhere at work round about and in and through us. Without them we would soon drop into an indifferent, sluggish mental and spiritual life whose end could only be death. We are painfully conscious of the forces that tempt to evil, and of the whole vile brood that beget unholy desires, but we forget how many silent voices are constantly calling us into a higher life and how many thousand little impulses to be manly and true and gentle and good come into our hearts every day.

See My Pants! Some time since a little boy was put on the program at a school exhibition for a recitation. The fond mother spent no end of time in fitting him up in a new suit of clothes for the occasion. He became more interested in it than in his declamation. The house was crowded, and when little Jim was called, he strode forth in all the glory of a prince of the realm. After making his bow, he hesitated a moment and then called out in the heartiness of his pride, "See my new pants!" The effort was too much for his little brain, and he retreated in confusion without making any attempt to recite. The case but illustrates the many where little children are pushed forward before the public with the idea that the dresses in which they appear are more important than the exercises they are to present. It

would seem possible to engage the children so fully with the recitation or the song that they would forget all else save the story they are telling. Very early the child's heart may be set on clothing and display, and very early these things may be given a minor place in the child's eyes.

Shame! It is a common thing for a teacher to go into a community and not receive even the poor courtesy of a call from a single resident. We know of a young woman of excellent social qualities, who went to a small city last year to teach, and though she became an active church-worker and president of the Endeavor society, but one woman called upon her during the entire year. She was literally giving her life for others, and yet those whom she served failed to give her that sympathy and fellowship which every soul craves. Thank the Lord, there are some communities where teachers are shown the respect and love they deserve, and the number of them is growing greater each year. There is some consolation in knowing that they treat the teacher about as they treat each other, but it also shows how little these people are getting out of the social life, and how selfishly they are living. Our schools should not ignore this side of education, but should improve every opportunity to encourage and direct it.

Literature and Character. It is very evident that our course of study is deeply rooted in the past, that culture and civilization are a product not to be manufactured to order, but a growth and registration in historical and literary forms of racial experience and progress. The

reason why we harp so much upon literature and history is because they contain in potent educative solution the rich culture influences which we wish to see redeveloped in every child. Moral and social culture, with all their humanizing influence, are contained in the choicest literature of America and Europe. Here are the ideals of life, revealed in their supreme strength and beauty. Here are the examples of men and women who lift and inspire. Here are revealed the moral qualities which should form the backbone of character.—*Chas. A. McMurry.*

The Reward. Let us endeavor to make our pupils love their work, without fearing us. They may live—God knows—to love *us*. Whether they ever love us or not perhaps matters but little, if we do our work single-heartedly. The mind conscious of right is itself no mean reward.—*D. W. Thompson.*

That's the Way. The "Lieutenant" at Bonnal took care that whatever went into the heads of the children should be as clear and lucid as the silent moon in the heavens. He said: "Nothing can be called teaching which does not proceed on that principle." That's the way the "Lieutenant" succeeded, and it's the way the teacher down in District No. 5 succeeds too.

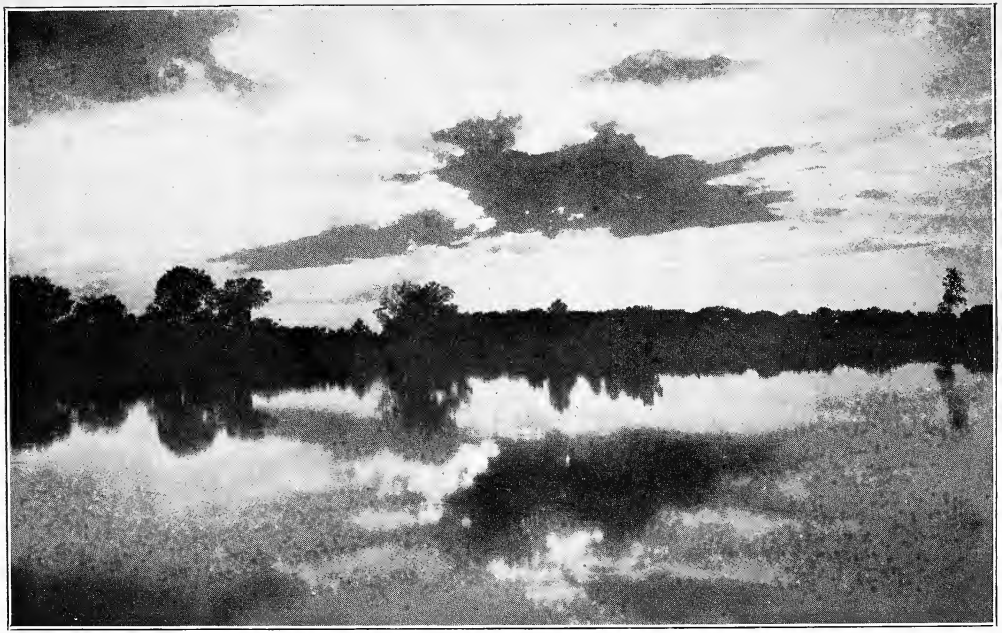
Fads. There are fads and fads, but simply because you do not know anything about a new idea or a new principle do not pronounce it a fad. Some people are calling child study a fad. So they quickly set aside these great questions of apperception, correlation, and concentration which are commanding the attention of the greatest minds of the world to-day. They may be fads, but they are

neither freaks nor whims, and there is room on each hobby for every teacher who may wish to keep up with the advancing procession.

Teach Neatness and Order. I happened in a primary room yesterday as the teacher was about dismissing the pupils and was pleased to see a little boy or girl passing up each aisle receiving and picking up scraps of all kinds and depositing them in the waste-basket. There was little work for the janitor when they had finished. How neat and trim everything looked! How bright and happy were their little faces as they said good-night to their teacher! Who can tell how many homes would be revolutionized after a few years' work with such a teacher?

Schoolhouse Wells. Out of 183 cases of typhoid fever in one year, in a city north of us, 180 of the persons afflicted had been using well-water. This reminds us how many wells and cisterns, that stand unused during the long vacation, are supposed to be ready for use as soon as the pump-handle is fixed or bucket tied to the rope. Every such well or cistern ought to be thoroughly cleaned out before the pupils are permitted to use the water in them. Filth, and too often death, is at the bottom. Teachers, do not forget your responsibility in such matters. See that the board understands its responsibility also.

Consistency. I met a man the other day who was not sending his little eight-year-old boy to school because he was unwilling to have him in classes with colored children. I visited the school and found just one little colored boy in the room which his boy would enter, and he was a clean, neat, bright little fellow, holding his own



SUNSET ON THE MARMATON

"The spokes of steel and blue reveal
The out'lines of a phantom wheel,
While airy armies, one by one,
March out on dress-parade."
—*Eugene Ware.*

From
KANSAS LANDSCAPES
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By O. P. Barnes

with them all. I afterward learned that the man I met is a coarse, passionate father, carrying the treatment of his family even to brutality at times, and often indulging in unrestrained profanity. Be it said to the honor of the colored people who have attended here, that their personal habits as well as their morality and manners are highly commendable.

"A Brutal Teacher." So one said recently of a teacher who would not for his own right arm strike a pupil with his hand or whip him with a rod, and yet his words and manner strike his pupils so cruelly as to call forth such an exclamation as the above. Some teachers, even of great ability, forget the commonest courtesy due their pupils, imagining that there is some pedagogical virtue in such methods. There is no greater mistake. If they only knew how much suffering they cause, and how much their usefulness is curtailed by it, they would at once turn to the better way. No teacher has a right to abuse or wound a pupil simply because the pupil cannot help himself and must take it in silence.

Don't Be Peevish. Of course you are not, but I am simply asking that you be sure to retain your present equable temperament and that you maintain that happy atmosphere so characteristic of you. I have seen so many miserable, grumbling, fretful teachers that I am trying to do something to diminish the number. I happen to know two most delightful young women, who I had thought would never develop into chronic whiners; but of late I have seen some startling symptoms in one of them. Some teachers seem to think they are not filling out the measure

of their being unless they are making other people share their own querulous and discontented spirit. Don't be peevish. Take some quinine, or catnip tea, or—if nothing else will do—a little strychnine!

Teach Them How to Play. Endeavorers in Philadelphia are finding a new field for their energies. They have discovered that few children among the slums know how to play. They know how to scratch and fight, but that is about all. Did it ever strike you that others besides slum children do not know how to play? I meet hundreds of children whose lives have never been quickened into a hearty glow by spontaneous, rollicking play. It is just as important that children be taught a variety of healthful and enjoyable games as that they be taught arithmetic or history. They need them for the development of their imagination, for the whetting of their perceptive faculties, for the stimulation of their emotions and for the cultivation of their social and moral natures. Innocent and attractive amusements have kept many a child from sinning. Plan plays as well as lessons for your children.

Thanks! "He only did his duty and as he received his pay, as per agreement; why thank him?" Well, if he did his duty he did more than most people and is deserving thanks for that. If he received his pay it was no more than his due, but does it not add a little to his happiness to know that some one appreciates what he has done and takes pleasure in telling him so? Will it not serve as a stimulus to do better next time? It costs you nothing, and means much to him. It will do you good

also. It is more blessed to give than to receive. He is your teacher or the teacher of your child and no one else knows how much time and thought he has spent in devising ways and means to make his teaching more effective. From sheer inability to understand and appreciate what a teacher is really accomplishing, the average man or woman makes his work a thankless task. You ought not to be among that number. Try the new way and see how both are blessed.

Schools 100 Years Ago. Cowper was suspicious of the schools, including academies and colleges, and advised parents who would have a son become a sot, or a dunce, or a dissolute spendthrift, to send him to school and

> "Train him in public with a mob of boys,
> Childish in mischief only and in noise."

To insure success in the project, at eighteen send him to college where, in a short time, he throws off all restraint though "Some sneaking virtue lurks in him no doubt."

He then declares

> "That these *menageries* all fail their trust,
> These *public hives* of puerile resort."

His "Tirocinium" is a terrific arraignment of the public schools of his time. It is said that he never recalled his school days without disgust and even horror, and hence became an eloquent advocate of home and of private instruction, painting in glowing colors their advantages and results. Though certainly all the English schools of his time did not deserve such scathing denunciation, one

would hardly need go very far even now to find too frequent a suggestion of the evils he describes. Every teacher ought to read that poem over many times, for he will surely find himself somewhere in it and will pretend less and work more.

INTELLIGENCE and courtesy are not always combined.
Often in a wooden house, a golden room you'll find.
—*Longfellow.*

Just So! F. D. Maurice says: "I know that nine-tenths of those the university sends out must be hewers of wood and drawers of water. But if we train the ten-tenths to be so, then the wood will be badly cut and the water will be spilt. Aim at something noble; make your system of education such that a great man may be formed by it, and there will be manhood in your little men of which you do not dream."

Two-story Teachers. Just in front of my window as I write are two two-story business houses, and yet one of them is more than one-half higher than the other. There are some two-story teachers who are not nearly as high as other two-story teachers or even as some one-story people whom I know. They are supposed to be "away up," but it is in name only. There are many taller, broader, better teachers below them, teachers who are in every way their superiors, and yet work in humbler spheres. It is well that it is so; otherwise what would the poor children do? For their sakes let us find crumbs of comfort in it.

Bad Breath. One of the best teachers I know is afflicted with a breath that always gets in the way, when I

think of her. Much as I detest tobacco, I would prefer a tobacco breath every time. Whether it is due to indigestion, decaying teeth, the kind of food she eats, tuberculosis, or quinsy, in her case, I cannot tell. Whatever it is, she ought to rid herself of it. I would that she were the only teacher of my acquaintance so handicapped. Like her, they probably are unaware of its existence, and might thank a friend to tell them of it. The remedy in most cases is easy enough, and they all ought to hasten to use it.

"Stop Kicking!" "A horse cannot kick and pull at same time." Neither can a teacher. He may imagine that he can spend his strength in faultfinding, but one day he wakes up and finds himself a long distance behind the procession. There used to be a man in Kansas who delighted teachers' conventions with his humorous kicks at all sorts of real and imaginary evils in teachers, pupils, school boards, and the public generally. After kicking himself out of several good places, he finally kicked himself out of the state and clear over the mountains. He was a good man in many ways, but having spent his strength in kicking, he had none left for pulling. Stop kicking, my brother, and *pull*.

"How Tedious!"

> "As tedious as a twice-told tale,
> Vexing even the dull ear of a drowsy man."

It was about "a very interesting subject," so the teacher said, but her pupils wondered where the interesting part came in, and, after waiting awhile for its appearance, put in their time in getting tired. It was an interesting sub-

ject, but the manner of the teacher was as dry and lifeless and dreary and aimless as the plains of Sahara. The only spirit she manifested was impatience at the listless inattention of her pupils. So this "interesting subject" was passed, and so each day passed, and at last the teacher *passed.* She is still passing.

'Fessor Winans Talked to Him! "Yes, I know 'Fessor Winans mighty well," said the bootblack as he gave me an extra polish on learning that I was a friend of his old superintendent. "I wuz a mighty bad kid when he wuz here, that I wuz; fightin', an' swearin', an' lyin', an' throwin' stones. The teacher used to whip me mighty hard for it; but didunt do any good. 'Fessor Winans 'ud call me in sometimes an' talk to me. That 'ud make me feel bad. I'd ruther take a lickin' any time than have 'Fessor Winans talk to me. He's a mighty kind man, that's what 'Fessor Winans is."

Well Done! In a southern Kansas town, a buxom colored girl had been having her own sweet way all the way up through the grades, taking hold of some of her teachers, and actually leading them out of the schoolroom to "cool off." She entered "8-A" and at once showed her stubbornness by refusing to go to the blackboard and recite as asked. As she did not disturb the school in any other way, the teacher, a man, utterly ignored her for three or four days. At last, in a quiet, positive way, he said: "You are only doing yourself harm by refusing to do as I bid you. You are losing grades and chances to get help which I am always ready to give you." She quickly saw her mistake, and is now one of his most obedient and en-

thusiastic pupils. When will we learn that we may say even to the children: *Let us sit down and reason together?*

Dangerous Psychology! One of my friends is requiring his teachers to study a little primer on psychology, and soon after the close of a meeting for the discussion of a leading topic, surprised a number of them listening to an excited teacher who was denouncing the study. She said: "I tell you, girls, we shall all become insane if we keep this up. This thing of looking into our minds and examining ourselves is most dangerous. It will drive anybody crazy, and I'm afraid of it!" And so it has come to this! Long since a wise one said, "The noblest study of mankind is man." He could not have thought, however, that it would result in driving them crazy. Perhaps he did not think of encouraging women to undertake it. We get some consolation, though, out of the fact that even religion sometimes drives people to the madhouse, and if psychology does throw a teacher out of balance occasionally, we can still afford it for the benefit of the multitude.

Be Yourself. If you try to be somebody's double, you will fail as sure as the sun rises, no matter how excellent that other may be. Some years since I found a teacher of high reputation in despair over her work. She was endeavoring to teach as her superior taught, and her pupils were already in quiet rebellion at her failures. The reason was so evident that I insisted upon an immediate change to the method in which her own better self would be called into exercise, and in which she would feel untrammeled. To her surprise she really enjoyed the first recitation fol-

lowing, and her pupils were soon saying kind things of her work. She gradually put into use some of the best methods of her superior, but she was able to use them profitably only as they became her own. If your methods are poor, the only way to make them better is to make yourself better. Then the better method is the natural method for you.

Do Not Lose Your Wits! When about to pay a small bill, many a man has found to his dismay that his money had disappeared through a hole in his pocket. It were a consolation if money only disappears in emergencies. One's wits often disappear in times of his greatest need. Fear, embarrassment, nervousness, consciousness of weakness, one or all, may be its cause. I have a friend of high nervous temperament, who is a fine pianist, but she never sits down to the piano to play for a company without taking one hand in the other and waiting a moment to become fully possessed of herself. This little device may prove helpful to many others. It seems to complete the circuit and produce that equilibrium so essential in trying or unexpected situations. These frequently arise in a teacher's life, and they are the true test of his skill. Drill yourself to stop a moment and think; take no more time than absolutely necessary, but be sure that you are right before proceeding. Get right first, then speed. If necessary, go out and get a breath of fresh air, wash your face in cold water, count fifty-eight, quote a proverb to yourself, or utter a prayer for help. If you have dropped your wits, pick them up then and there before they are lost beyond recall. If you must lose them, let it be when alone and not in the schoolroom in the presence of your pupils.

HERE's the riddle:—

> 'How all's in each, and every one of all
> Maintains his self complete and several."

"Keep Well the Dreams of Youth!" So the Germans say, and it is good pedagogy, too. Do not grow old. Do not allow the disappointments of life to rob you of those visions which illuminated the days of your youth. Hold them sacred, too, in your children. The shadows come quickly enough and thick enough in every life. Let our mission be to keep the warm sunlight in us and all around us, even when sore trials come and dark clouds hover near.

"Excellent, Fair, Good." So the superintendents mark the governing ability of teachers on their certificates. How it must make a teacher wince to see anything but "good" or "excellent" on this line. School boards are scanning it more carefully these days than heretofore. They ought to select their teachers as discreetly as they select eggs. If they are simply "fair," nobody wants them; if "good," it might be well to look farther; but if "excellent," why not sign up the contract at once?

Too Much for His Mind! In speaking of a certain member of a city school board recently a patron said, "He has too much education for his mind!" Poor fellow! And yet 'twere well, if he were the only man so beset. Who is to blame? Certainly every teacher who spends his time cramming his pupils instead of making them think and reason, who fills their heads with knowledge and forgets that skill in its use is the more important,

who teaches subjects rather than children, who knows not that the mind grows and attains great power only as interest awakens and the self-activity of the pupil is stimulated to mastership in everything it touches.

"Get the Stupidity Out of You!" Last summer for the first few days after going up into the mountains, I felt very lazy and drowsy. In speaking to the "grandmother" of the ranch about it, she comforted me by saying, "You must be a little patient, for it may take a week or ten days to get the malaria and stupidity out of you, but relief will surely come." I could only exclaim, what a glorious place for school-teachers! Here we are working along under pressure day by day, with dull wits and slow plodding of which most of us are only too conscious, when there are ways to free ourselves from it, and to come to our children with the freshness and vivacity of perennial interest. Quinine or beberine may drive out the malaria, but higher altitudes only will relieve us of stupidity.

Keep Your Own Counsel. John Halifax said of Mrs. Tod, "She has one remarkable virtue for a woman: she knows how to hold her tongue!" In a city not for away, one of the best teachers lacked this "remarkable virtue," and wondered why she was not reëlected. Her disposition to talk about her superintendent and her fellow teachers brought her no end of trouble. She is but one of a whole tribe of restless people who find their own schoolrooms too small for their vocal powers and though, in many cases, really most excellent and valued workers are consequently permitted to depart in peace. It mat-

ters not that much of the talking is done "confidentially," it sooner or later reaches ears "confidentially," where harm is done, and "confidentially" the original talker pays the penalty.

Mix a Little. "A good teacher and a fine man, but he is a poor mixer, so we had to let him go. He made friends with nobody, was a perfect stick in society, and lived to himself alone. It was a common remark among the merchants that they never saw him down town save when he came down to get his order at the end of the month. On that day just fifteen minutes after four o'clock he always appeared with a brisk walk and a pleased look, but on that day only. How different from his successor, whom everybody knows, whom the children greet with a smile wherever they see him, who is a leader in any circle, who is found at every sick-bed, and who in a few months has become as fully a part of us as the oldest inhabitant. He is not so learned nor so good a teacher as the other man, but he is doing us more good, and can stay as long as he pleases." Yes, mix a little, my friend.

"Shine!" One day a bootblack came running up to a company of us, shouting, "*Shine?*" when one glancing at his boots, said to Chancellor Lippincott, "I guess I don't need any, do I?" The Chancellor replied, "Well, no, not at that end!" Many people are anxious about the polish of their boots, and pay little attention to the polish of their brains. Many are fastidious to a fault about their dress, but spend little time or thought in the cultivation of that better part of us whose lustre neither dust nor moisture can dim. They utilize the services of

the bootblack, the tailor, and the draper without stint, but manage to get along without the aid of the schoolmaster, or of that great army of books whose acquaintance would enlighten and refine with that wisdom which rubies cannot buy. Possibly we do not cry "*shine*" enough on the highways.

Sympathy. Not long since an attending physician in one of the Chicago asylums was adjudged insane. The verdict declared that his long acquaintance with the unfortunate insane, and his devotion to their needs, consumed by a sympathy for them in their helpless condition, had resulted in unbalancing his own mind. How completely had he surrendered his own life for the poor creatures coming to him for help! How sharp a comment upon those of us who fail to enter sufficiently into the life of the children entrusted to our care to be touched by their mute appeals for love and sympathy and confidence! If sympathy for the child does not develop, we cannot become like him, nor grow in our power to serve him. No man or woman whose heart is not touched by the cry of the child, or whose eye does not kindle as he hears its merry prattle, is fit to become its teacher. Sympathy, rich and warm as the blood that flows through the veins of youth, tender and spontaneous as a mother's love, should crown the other graces that make up the ideal teacher.

The Office of Enemies. We often get discouraged over the criticisms and opposition of our enemies, and fight back or run away. Nine times out of ten we ought to do neither. There is usually some ground, apparent or real, for a criticism, and our first concern should be to

discover it and set about at once to remove it. If everybody had only words of approval, as our friends usually have, we should soon grow lax and careless, than which nothing is more destructive. We need to have some one get in our way occasionally to wake us up and to stimulate to renewed exertion. Skill never comes to one who never meets resistance. I often think that I have been more benefitted by the criticisms of my enemies than by the advice of my friends. My enemies have at least had the virtue of frankness, while my friends have been slow to speak. It too often happens, however, that when our friends try to do us a service we at once interpret the criticism as prompted by unfriendliness, and we lose both a friend and an opportunity also. So do not worry if you find an enemy on your school board or among your patrons. He may serve you better than your friends, if you but use him properly. Take every criticism in a kindly spirit and you will grow in efficiency and in the number of your friends. You will soon see great reasons for blessing them that despitefully use you.

Oh, for the rising of that day, when the real majesty and power of the human mind shall be revealed to the ignorant multitude in all its magnificence! Here is the only greatness worth the name! Here, the only power fit for universal rule!—*Mrs. Alfred Gatty.*

"Hush Thee, My Baby!" Simply because you are trying to teach school, and yet are acting like a spoiled child—you are as sensitive and jealous as a baby—you pout and whimper as though you had been greatly abused

by your elders, and every little trouble that comes along calls out a flood of tears. You are not old enough to teach children, even though you have seen thirty summers. Your superintendent is getting weary of playing the mother to you. He would have you go nowhere else with your sorrows, but he prays daily that you may be more of a woman and less of a child, more brave and less tearful, a tower of strength to him as well as to your pupils. *Hush thee, my baby!*

Be Brief. A woman went to a physician and, rolling up her sleeve, showed a blistered arm and simply said, "Burn!" He looked at it and said, "Poultice!" She came back in a week and said, "Better!" He only said, "More poultice!" She came back in a fortnight and said, "Well! What is the bill?" He bowed gracefully and said, "Nothing, Madame, you are the most sensible woman I ever saw; good day!" Now, the average teacher needs to read that story and ponder. I confess to a little pleasure in doing a good deal of talking to my classes myself, but that story is helping me. Most of us do talk too much and too long. Well do I remember going to sleep in spite of myself as my learned professor would discourse wisely and dryly and lengthily upon some point in the lesson, that I understood already, and vastly better before he began than when he closed.

"Well, I Declare!" Once when strolling through the French Market in New Orleans, I heard the greatest clatter and jabber on my right, and turning saw a little Frenchman making the scales fly from a fish on his block and shouting at lightning rate and with no end of

variation and inflection and tone, "*Well, I declare!*" Whether surprised at the fish, at himself, or at the state of trade, I could not tell, but each time as I came near, I found him rattling away in the same old vein. I wondered why he had little or no trade, while his quiet neighbors were kept busy waiting on their customers. It is the old story, though, for the people soon learn that the noisy fellows are the least worthy of their confidence. They prefer the man or the woman who is willing that the work shall speak for itself. Teachers may learn a good lesson on this subject from the medical profession.

The Professor. Brother MacDonald has long made war on the vulgar use of the word *professor.* I wonder if he was not born in Drumtochty and was not an occasional visitor at David Ross'. If so, it accounts for it all. David was careful about the use of the title, particularly when speaking of his son John, who had already won five degrees. He said to Meg: "We maun be cannie wi' John's title, wumman, for ye ken Professor is no ordinar' word; a' coont it equal tae Earl at the verra least; an' it wudna dae tae be aye usin' 't." "Ye might say 't aince in a conversation, juist lettin' 't slip oot by accident this wy, 'the Professor was sayin' in his laist letter—a' mean oor son in Australy'—but a' wud ca' him John at ither times. Pride's an awfu' mischief, Meg." But Meg flared up at once and declared: "Ye're as prood as a'm masel, David, and there's nae use ye scoldin' at me for gein' oor laddie the honor he won wi' his brain and work. A'm no feared what the neeburs say. Professor he is, an' Professor a'll ca' him; ye'll may be sayin' Jock next,

tae show ye're humble!" "Dinna tak me up sae shairp, gude wife, or think a' wud mak little o' John; but the Almichty hes na gien ilka faimily a Professor an' a'm no wantin' tae hurt oor neeburs," said David;—and, somewhere in the above is a truth and its moral.

Loyalty. If teachers were a little more loyal to their patrons and to their principals and superintendents, much good would come. Loyalty does not consist simply in refraining from saying anything disparaging concerning a superior, nor in defending his good name when attacked, but in hearty coöperation with him both in spirit and method, *and also* in advising him in a friendly manner of his errors and of ways and means whereby his work might be made more effective. If many teachers were to work half as hard in this way to assist a superior as they do to break him down, they would be surprised at the good results following. What if you do not like him personally? What if he is not congenial? What if you do know more than he? What if he is a little autocratic? What if he is a little slow? He is your superior officer, and, for the sake of the children, the more grievous his faults the more he needs your sympathy and support.

The Main Purpose. The other evening at the organ recital the organist played the "Visit of the Magi Kings to the Christ Child." He kept one single high note, representing the star which guided them, sounding all the time while he played the journey, the visit to Herod, and the adoration as a sort of accompaniment to it. Through it all there was not a note out of accord with the star. At times we practically lost sight of the star as we became

absorbed in the story, and again it would flash out with increased brilliancy. How much like a life bent on one grand purpose, never changing through the years. Often as we see it engrossed with affairs of the world, or apparently turning aside from some long-pursued plans, we fancy the purpose surrendered; but one day it stands out more clearly than ever, and we see that after all it was controlling every thought and act. Happy the man in whom a lofty ideal thus becomes a ruling passion and whose every impulse, every deed, is in perfect harmony with it!

The Heart's a' the Part a'! I look back to-night and count nearly a score of teachers on my fingers, and raise the question of their influence upon me. Just one crowds any or all of the others out, and that one was neither the handsomest nor the most learned among them. He was the only one, however, who seemed to live wholly in his pupils. He seemed to have no other ambition than to serve them. He loved his home, he loved his church, he loved his books; but his great love was for his pupils, and somehow they all felt it and all knew it. They could hardly tell how, nor why, but when they were counting up their friends they never left him out, and his genial, unselfish spirit had love enough to go round them all. It appears a little strange now I think of it, but every other teacher seemed to have some other ambition, some other love, superior to that which he had for his pupils. One was planning to study law; one was stocking a farm which he soon expected to settle upon; one was building up a great library in which he spent his happiest hours;

one was engrossed in his scientific investigations and experiments; one had his eye on a higher position; one had

A charming lover so fair;

and another was just trying to earn a livelihood; but this dear soul was simply living for us—we absorbed everything. As he surrendered himself so completely to us, he was able to exercise an influence over us which called into being the best impulses of our nature. His supreme indifference to self and his sublime devotion to us served as an irresistible stimulus to attempt great things. I owe much to many of my teachers, God bless them all, but this man kindled within me the noblest ambitions of my life. Oh, for such a large heart and such warm blood in every schoolroom in the land!

THE mind of the scholar, if you would have it large and liberal, should come in contact with other minds.—*Longfellow.*

THE dignity of every occupation wholly depends upon the quantity and the kind of virtue that may be exerted in it.—*Burke.*

"I Was in a Hurry." Miserable excuse! If you had done it right always when not in a hurry, the habit would not have failed you in the emergency. You misspell a word, omit an abbreviation-mark, do not capitalize, forget a date, blot the paper, omit the subject or predicate of a sentence, neglect to thank a friend for a favor, keep his lead pencil, come into the room with dirty shoes, etc., etc., *et cetera, et ceterumque!* Take time to do every-

thing right, if you do but one single thing in a whole day. By and by you will be able to do two things right in a day, then three, then many! First accuracy, then rapidity!

Is Love Blind? So says the old proverb, but Barrie insists that it is a mistake, and that Love has three eyes, one more than ordinary people, by which it sees the good where others see only the bad. This is the reason teachers need it so much. It must be admitted that only a third eye could find anything good in some children, but that only makes it more of a necessity. If we do not find the good, who will? If no good is found, how are we to begin the process of character-building without which all education is a failure? Love is not necessarily blind to faults, but it never fails to find the good. The former it tries to cover up, the latter it tries to magnify and build up, holding that one of these days it will be the one great thing in the life as it is now in the love.

Courteously! The other day I entered a dining-car and learned a lesson in courteousness. One of the waiters innocently blundered and the head waiter, who had already won me by his suavity, came up and took special charge of my table, treating me as though I were the president of the railroad. I observed similar solicitude for everybody else at the tables. It is true that when my bill came in, it looked as though I would need to be president of something, but I could afford to pay it for such generous and cordial treatment as they gave me. Why should it not be so everywhere? Simply because too many of us are forgetting it as a part of our teaching.

We are careful enough about those holding positions above us, but fail to remember our duty to our equals and to those below us, who, after all need it more than our superiors. Are you giving regular, practical lessons in good manners to your children? If not, this is a good day to begin.

Such Ingratitude! Not that exactly, my friend. Though your pupils may act as if they were not appreciating your work, many of them may be very grateful and simply lack in knowledge of ways of showing it. Your experience is but the lot of all. I have many a time given a hand to a pupil to help him over a difficulty, have borne with this one and that one times without number, have labored hard to secure positions for some, and never received one single word of thanks. Some, however, are so warm and generous in expressions of gratitude as to shame me that I did not do more. They make up in part for the tardy ones and for those who never respond at all. Learn from the experience of the Master: *Were there not ten lepers cleansed, but where are the nine?* Find great comfort in the kind words of the few, and hope that the others are more appreciative than they seem. As a matter of fact, many of them are telling their friends how much you have done for them and some day, may, when you need it more than now, surprise you with assurances of their love and gratitude. May be after all, you are being paid in your own coin. If so, hasten to pay your own long-overdue debts and you may have the joy for which you crave. Take this also along with you: It is

far better to find your chief pleasure in service and not in rewards.

Save the Best for your Pupils. A rare soul, whom I can name, has long been in rather poor health, but no one would suspect it when visiting her schoolroom. She is as bright and cheery as a young girl and the atmosphere is full of that magnetism which no one, not even the most mischievous boy or the most indifferent girl, can resist. At home or in company she does not exert such a power. She saves the best for her children. I can name several others who give the best of their time and their strength to society and to friends or even to charity, while their children suffer. Their schoolrooms are as dead and spiritless as the chambers of the pyramids. They cannot make them otherwise, for they have already given their blood and their strength elsewhere. Brethren and sisters, these things ought not so to be! Whatever we do, let us not rob the children. Let us live for them.

Covering up Faults. We teachers are always hard at work trying to pick flaws, and, having found them, show the culprit little mercy. It were better if more of us knew just when and how to cover up a defect in a pupil to his profit. A teacher misspelled a word on the blackboard in assigning a lesson, and two or three pupils got together and made sport of it; another inserted a caret and wrote the omitted letter prominently above so as to call attention to it, though pretending to help the teacher out; a third carefully erased two or three letters and deftly corrected the spelling so that no one would notice his teacher's blunder. *Which of all these, think you, was the teacher's*

neighbor? Learn a lesson from this story. It often does a pupil more good for the secret to rest between him and his teacher, or even for the teacher to overlook the fault when the pupil sees it, than to bring it out to the full view of his mates. Study only the pupil's good in it all.

By the Way, are we not, as teachers and as parents, failing to teach the children the duty of thanking those who serve them? How many a weary heart would forget its burdens if some one would speak a kind word of appreciation. I know a young woman who sang all the day long because a friend in passing in the morning, dropped a pleasant word of appreciation for something she had done. It is a beautiful custom to remember a teacher, or a servant, or a friend, with some little token on his birthday or on Christmas, but it is far better to let him know by smiles and pleasant greetings and grateful words and the doing of a quiet little service in return whenever possible, that you are not forgetting his goodness to you. Children are naturally responsive in their early years and their sense of appreciation simply needs direction. Do not be selfish about it. Train them to right expression of kindly appreciation of others. Your turn will come by and by.

Increase Your Resources. When a boy, I read that no one could stand under a tree with Edmund Burke for half an hour, waiting for a shower to pass by, without being convinced that he was the greatest man in the world. The barrister would talk so fluently, and so entertainingly about everything in sight—the storm, the rainbow, the tree, the birds seeking shelter near by, the pebbles at his

feet, the nest hanging from a limb above, the brook now swelling to a torrent, the flowers that smiled an assurance of safety—that one felt he had learned the greatest lesson of his life. How rich and helpful such a man among his fellows! The teacher who knows only his dear little text-book, lives in a narrow sphere and fails to drink in the wonderful inspiration which nature never ceases to provide. What a dry sort of a crust he is to his pupils. How narrow his direction of their vision. But that other one to whom

"Nature speaks a varied language,"

and whose mind is filled with the treasures of history, of literature, and of art, comes to them every day with a richer supply of thought and of power. He stimulates them all to look out and up and over and through, and so never knows that drudgery of the schoolroom which is fatal to so many teachers.

THERE is nothing more terrible than a teacher who does not know more than the scholars at all events ought to know.—*Goethe.*

Bide Your Time. Montan says to Wilhelm Meister: "Practise till you are an able violinist and be assured that the director will have pleasure in assigning you a place in the orchestra." This is good advice to all, particularly to those who are more impatient to fill some exalted position than they are to fit themselves for it. They spend their time dreaming and scheming for place instead of improving and perfecting themselves in their

art. They seem ignorant of the fact that the world will not be slow in finding them as their skill and worth appear. Neither the gold in the mountains nor the pearls in the sea are more eagerly sought than are the men and women whose attainments fit them best to serve it.

"Of this World." So said Principal Rounds as we visited the grades in the Webster school at Washington, D.C. Every teacher seemed to realize that the world round about us is abundantly provided with material for the education of the children, and that an acquaintance with it and its great heart is one of the chief ends of education. As a consequence, we found little of that abstract, pettifogging sort of teaching which is so common in many schoolrooms. The children were wide-awake, attentive, earnest, clear-headed, self-reliant, progressive. As they went out of the schoolroom, they did not find themselves strangers in a strange land, but were at home everywhere and interested in what they saw.

Good Manners. In this same building we also saw what a little training in good manners will do for children. Without any apparent suggestion from the teacher, one of the boys promptly provided us with chairs and at recess, as we were putting on our overcoats, a gentlemanly little fellow stepped up behind with a helping hand and a pleasant bow. Such training as that everywhere will not fail to make a nation of gentlemen and ladies out of any people.

"Give Me Attention, Please." A friend some years since visited the schools of Leavenworth and reported to me that in a single recitation he had heard a teacher ask

the attention of his class at least thirty times. It was: "John, let's have your attention, sir!" "Let's have the attention of all, please!" "Mary, are you not talking to Susan instead of attending to your lesson?" "Now, everybody, attention to this!" "I cannot do anything for you without your attention, Henry!" etc., etc. I spent a day recently visiting these same schools and did not hear a single teacher ask for attention. One of them ordered a pupil to stop doing something, but everywhere there was that keen interest which is the highest test of successful school-keeping. In some cases, I thought the tension even too strongly drawn, but the relief from that indifferent, lazy plodding, or that forced attention of the martinet was worth going a long distance to find.

"No Vicious Pupils Here!" What! not in all these five hundred boys and girls? "No, sir," said Principal Rodgers of one of the Leavenworth ward schools, "save possibly one who might be called that by some people. We have a dozen or fifteen who give us a little trouble occasionally, but they are not vicious, and are fast learning the better way." This was said with a spirit and an assurance that revealed the secret of it all—love, sympathy for the children, discreet management, and motherly patience that finds the good even in the worst of them, that tolerates no suggestion of incorrigibility, and that goes bravely about building up new motives and new ambitions, enable her to say "we have no vicious pupils here." *Go thou and do likewise!*

"I Fell Down." "Did you, dear? Well, I'm so glad you told me, for I do not want you to take this ex-

ercise if you are not able to take it." So said the teacher as a little fellow explained his inability to file out with his class, and there was then and there sealed a compact of mutual sympathy and helpfulness that time cannot efface. Though I do not have that teacher's name, these simple words, as I passed hastily through her room, told me all about her life and showed me its beautiful ministry.

Not Submission, but Coöperation. That teacher who asked his pupil why he whipped him and heard the apt reply, "Simply because you are stronger than I am, sir!" raises the question whether he is the only one who rules by mere brute force. It is possible that many do not try to rule in any other way, but they blunder sadly in forgetting that coöperation is worth a thousand times more than submission. Pupils who study and obey simply because they fear punishment are not making much progress toward manhood and womanhood. It is only when they become possessed of the spirit of spontaneous and hearty coöperation that great progress is assured.

"So Hungry!" The *Child-Study Monthly* tells the story of a bad boy in one of the Chicago schools whose general wickedness and restlessness had exhausted the patience of his teachers, until one of them thought to ask him why he was so bad. He promptly replied: "Because I am so durned hungry!" Can it be possible that this is the one great explanation of the fact that so many children of the very poor are so difficult to govern? At certain seasons of the year, how many of them come to school every day not only hungry for necessary food, but hungry also for the little relishes that make food palatable even to the

THE FIRST SNOWFALL

"I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by."
—*James Russell Lowell.*

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hungry? Teacher, do you know whether any of your children are sitting to-day in your forms hungry for bread? Does not the possibility of it prompt you to know more about them? Being hungry for bread, they are still more hungry for your sympathy.

That Good Name. It often happens that a teacher is exceedingly careless of his good name. He is not always anxious about shunning the very appearance of evil. He is not choice in the selection of his associates. He indulges in questionable amusement. He is occasionally seen where the best people hesitate to go. He keeps late hours. He rather enjoys being called a sport. He forgets to pay his debts. He neglects his studies. He does a score of little things that annoy and alienate his friends, and one day he is grievously surprised that the substantial people in the district are not urging his reëlection. It might be a good plan for a school board to insist upon a certificate of good character from the preceding board before employing a teacher. That certificate might also wisely include the reason for the teacher's seeking a change.

Perhaps it happens as often that the teacher is a woman, and that her indifference to the value of a good name is simply appalling. I think just now of one who really enjoyed the notoriety of having aroused the jealousy of the wife of one of her patrons; of another who could not understand that frequent rides with a man whose wife was kept busy at home taking care of the stuff and the children, should call forth unfriendly criticism; of another who thought it nobody's business if she did keep company occasionally with a man whose general morals were supposed to be fairly in

keeping with his well-known reputation as a common gambler; of another who found recreation in promenading the streets in such a way as to attract the attention of light-headed gentry without number; of another who showed such utter disregard of the ordinary courtesies of good society that she was not welcome in any refined home; of another who was known to accept the company of strange gentlemen on a five-minute acquaintance; of another who spent fewer hours in sleep than in amusements. Of what priceless value in a woman as well as in a man, are discretion and common sense. It ought to take little of either to understand that *a good name is to be desired above great riches.* If the teacher is not awake to its importance, how can the children know how to prize it?

That Blackboard. It was not black, nor white. It was a sort of grizzly gray, with more of the grizzle than the gray, and with but an occasional spot where a whole word could be written without crossing a crack. The teacher, having never seen a better, was thinking it pretty good. Herein lies a moral. Pick it out.

"Better Every Year." Thus writes a teacher who is growing in her work. She enjoys it better each year because she has a conscience and because she faithfully strives to find better ways of serving her pupils. The drudgery of which many teachers complain is unknown to her. She has no humdrum routine, because she finds something new and interesting in every lesson and in every pupil every day.

The Way It is Done! "She simply keeps her pupils so busy thinking about their work that they do not care

to whisper ; that's the whole story!" But that is not the whole story. By what magic, by what subtle power, by what sorcery, by what mystic charm, by what touch divine, does she manage to keep them busy thinking about their work? When you have told me that, you have told me the whole story and not before. When I have learned that I shall be satisfied.

"I Won't Do It!" So said a little three-year-old, who had just learned in the morning how to say it explosively, as his father asked him to do something that displeased him. His father turned to him and said, "My son, don't you tell your father you won't do it." With an expression of interrogation on his face, the chick promptly replied: "Please, father, I won't do it." There it was, and there it is! The little diplomat was willing to compromise on that, and so gracefully managed his case that he maintained his self-respect at least.

Skill Also. The simple act of getting the knowledge, of acquisition, of understanding a truth, is but the first step in the act of learning. It must be repeated, says Rosenkranz, until it becomes a part of the pupil. He must use it, express it, apply it, in such a variety of ways and so frequently that it comes to him spontaneously when the occasion for its use arises. Thousands of pupils are rushed along in their classes, merely getting glimpses of things, getting neither growth nor skill. The teacher learns sooner or later what superficial, helpless creatures he has made. The old call to *drill*, not merely mechanical concert drill, needs to be repeated over and over again to every schoolmaster.

"He is Lazy!" Now, who would have thought it, and he a school-teacher too! What do you mean? "I mean that he does not like to work! Oh, yes, he is usually on hand when there is any chance to talk or to come to the front, but he does not take pleasure in the daily, hand-to-hand work with his pupils, without which they can make little progress. He seldom knows much about his lessons, but relies on his shrewdness in putting questions and on the faithfulness of a few of his better pupils to hide his shiftlessness. There is nothing ready, aggressive, helpful, inspiring about him. He does not carry himself. How can he carry his pupils? I have watched him long enough to understand him thoroughly. He is lazy!"

Holy Zeal. Rosenkranz says that the artistic element in the teacher's method is not, as many of us imagine, the most important thing. The teachers who have elegance of manner and grace in diction are too often disposed to rely upon them for success. He reminds us that such teachers are apt to keep themselves in view and forget their pupils. The didactic element is the one thing needful, and whatever artistic skill the teacher possesses must be made subservient to it. No teacher can succeed who does not exalt his pupils above himself. If he fail to do this, they soon detect his vanity and the shallowness of his interest in them. Naught can take the place of holy zeal. It must give color and texture and life to everything the teacher does.

"In Your Small Corner." It often happens that a teacher imagines he is not doing much, because his name

is not more frequently mentioned in the newspapers or he is not given prominent places on the convention programs. He ought, however, to find a little comfort in knowing that it is not an unusual thing for some teachers to furnish personal items of news about themselves, and that teachers who spend much time in preparing papers for the public, not infrequently do it at the expense of their pupils. In my visits to different parts of the State, I am always finding teachers of great ability, whom the children love and whom their patrons hold in high esteem, and yet of whom I had never heard before. They were doing their work in their own small corner, content to do it well, rich in the affection of friends, neither seeking nor caring for notoriety.

"Short-order" Colleges. Some of the colleges and schools that promise such an elaborate education in a few months may have their place in our educational system, but it must certainly be about as that which the short-order restaurants hold to the regular hostelry. The former serve in case of haste to bridge over until the succeeding regular meal, but for supplying the regular diet they soon prove a very unsatisfactory substitute. So these short-order colleges may help along a little when time is the most precious thing in the world, but the man or woman who depends upon them for that education which is to serve him for life, and which is to fit him for coping with its great problems, will soon find how inadequate has been his preparation and how unsatisfactory are all of his supposed attainments. No, no, brethren and sisters, short-order education is a delusion and he that is deceived thereby is not wise !

"According to Nature." If there be a paradoxical doctrine in our theology, it is this. Shall it be according to the nature of a particular child, with all its whims and restless fancies, its demands for the possible and the impossible, for the hurtful as well as the beneficial? Shall it be according to the nature of the child as some philosophers of the cloister have decided him to be, a sort of an abstraction, a fairly definable, yet impalpable something which one never finds entering the schoolroom? Or shall it be according to the nature of the average child, the possible child, as he is known to those who handle him and study him every day, a spirit incarnate, a real thing having much in common with all the boys and girls in the world, and yet with enough variety to tax the teacher's energies for his management and development? There are many things in the nature of this last boy that may be regarded as normal and "according to which" we may safely proceed, but let us not be led far aside by the others. Nature is our only true teacher, our only safe guide, but let us not mistake its freaks for its true self.

MOST readers, like good-natured cows,
Keep browsing and forever browse;
If a fair flower comes in their way,
They take it, too, nor ask, "What, pray?"
Like other fodder it is food,
And for the stomach quite as good.

—*S. H. Clark.*

"I'm as Cross as a Hornet to-day; you better look out!" Indeed, and do you expect pay for acting the hornet to-day? Do you think it will stimulate a better

spirit and better work on the part of your children to-day that they know you are in danger of stinging them? Have you forgotten that boys seldom go near hornets' nests without throwing stones at them, and that even girls sometimes try it? Did you ever hear the maxim, "*Like priest, like people?*" Do you know how far you have fallen in the estimation of every child in the room whose love you crave by that foolish remark? Do you teach self-control, and yet expect your pupils to attain it in an at mosphere filled with the venom of hornets' stings? Have you never heard, that *he that ruleth his own spirit is better than he that taketh a city?*

A City Psychologist. Some of the papers are poking fun at Professor Royce, of Harvard, for suggesting that every board of education should employ a competent psychologist, whose duty it would be to examine the children for the purpose of determining their mental condition and suggesting the kind of instruction and drill needed. By it he would discover at once the "born shorts," the precocious, the latents, the defectives in imagination or memory, the sense-defectives, the truly incorrigible, etc., and would be able to advise with the teacher and parent. He holds that such an expert would soon prove the most valuable member of the teaching force. Our own opinion is that every superintendent and principal, if not every teacher, should possess such ability, and that the people will not be long in demanding it. No one is professionally educated in the best sense who lacks it.

The Teacher's Health. The Chicago board of education requires each teacher to pass a physical examination

before the contract is signed. Could anything be more appropriate? There are at least two great reasons for such an examination: The work of the teacher is exhaustive, and only those in good physical health should undertake it. The atmosphere in every schoolroom should be as pure as it is possible to make it. A sickly teacher, particularly one afflicted with eczema, or bronchial or lung troubles of any kind, may easily poison the air in a room to such an extent as to make it dangerous for the children to breathe it.

Whack! Whack! He is an earnest, hard-working teacher and often wonders why he is not securing better results. Though he was taught better, as the children march out of his room, he beats time by bringing a long pointer down on his desk with a noisy *whack, whack,* that grates on the ear of every sensitive child in the line and makes sufficient confusion to afford opportunity for grunts and pranks from the rougher boys and girls. He formerly used a gong, but finds this is better for marching, as it is more "stickcatto-like!" When are we to learn that whacking-sticks, gongs, and the whole tribe of tom-toms have no place in the schoolroom? A quiet tap with a pencil or counting for a few paces until the children catch the step is in far better taste and is much more effective. Occasionally it may be well to resume the tapping or the counting for a moment, but it should not be continued longer than absolutely necessary. If the line is boisterous or stamping heavily, do not add to the noise and disorder by any of the above-named devices, but stop the line at

once and let it move only as it moves quietly. A little perseverance in such a drill will soon work wonders.

The Trouble. "If your *sagassity* were only equal to your *perspigassity*," as Mrs. Hyde often wrote to Jane, "your usefulness to the community would be unlimited. You see a wonderful lot of things, you hear as many more, and you imagine five times as many as you see and hear. Such insight is invaluable to the gossips, for it gives them a constant supply of delicate morsels to chew. But did you ever think that you are in miserably poor business and that you are feeding a class of social buzzards of which you are the chief among ten thousand? If you were only wise enough to use your penetration in discovering the good in your neighbors, in devising ways and means to help them reach up to a better life, instead of pulling them down, you would not only be a better teacher, but a better woman also." In which remark is much food for reflection.

Babies! There is a time and a place for babies, but the schoolroom is certainly not the place for them. No matter how cute and sweet—all babies are cute and sweet—a baby may be, it cannot be brought into the schoolroom without attracting the attention of the pupils and interfering with the work of the school. It frequently happens that mother wishes to spend a day with a neighbor, and that she may be free from care, sends her two-year-old Angie with his brother Fred to visit the school-teacher. Angie smiles, Angie talks, Angie tumbles off on the floor, Angie pouts, Angie wants a drink of water, Angie wants a piece of bread and sugar, Angie cries, Angie gets his fingers in the ink and rubs it on his face, Angie wants his

mamma! Angie——! Angie——!!! Angie visits the teacher in her dreams that night! It takes at least another whole day to overcome the distracting effects of that visitation. Yet, out of the goodness of her heart and the weakness of her courage, that teacher tells that mother at church next Sunday how much the *children* enjoyed having Angie with them that day, and expresses the hope that he may come again. He comes! Who is to blame? Not Angie!

Shall the Boy Fight? We are surprised to see the editor of the *Child Study Monthly* answering this question in the affirmative. He heartily commends a mother who had compelled her son to go and pummel a fellow from whom he had received some affront, and urges mothers to teach their boys to fight when insulted. He says that he had recently forced his own boy, "an eight-year-old, *against the boy's own inclinations*, to go and trounce his antagonist. He whipped him in a most creditable manner—had he not, I would have felt disgraced for life." Sic! He says further that a mother must sometimes be willing to sit at her window and see her boy fight like a fiend in the gutter outside. "Tenderly bandage his wounds, if he comes out second best, but ask no questions, give no advice. Rather than have your boy a coward, dear mother, the next time he is involved in a righteous quarrel, stand over him and make him fight it out, even at the risk of nervous prostration and hysteria." It is a long time since we have seen such pugilistic doctrine advanced in a respectable journal, and we wonder whether our brother's longing for children's gore may not have been

aroused by the smell of Spanish blood. The average mother has about all she can do to keep her boys from fighting at any provocation, and certainly would hardly thank any one for adding to her difficulties. The boy who has the reputation of "never taking an insult" usually has all the fight he needs and frequently has an extra one or two on hands. If he wins, he seldom fails to become a bully and a braggart himself. If he loses, he spends much of his time in sneaking around and tormenting little fellows who only resist to their undoing. The term "insult" covers a multitude of offences in a boy's mind: the crook of a finger, an inadvertent remark, a frank statement of a difficulty to a teacher, talking to another fellow's girl, an innocent remonstrance against an unkind word, an imputation of lack of courage, etc. The boy who is taught to fight and has once tasted gore, is too generally on the alert for an insult, and has no difficulty in finding one, as his reputation as a fighter may be waning a little. We recall a winter of school in which, under such instruction as the Doctor gives, the boys managed to fill out nearly every day with a scrap or two. One would "insult" another and get a whipping from the insulted. Then the "insulter's" big brother would come around and thrash the "manly" vindicator; and then this big brother would catch a dressing on his way home from the bigger brother of the other fellow who had hid in the fence corner in anticipation of his coming. Periodically the heads of the families involved would join in exchanging compliments. By the way, many of our readers have probably seen that mother whom the Doctor mentions, urging on

her "noble b'y" in choice brogue and have also seen Mrs. O'Flanigan, the sturdy mother of the other brave lad, in a state of wrath, approaching from the rear! No, no, "dear" Doctor, such advice as you give savors not of the Sermon on the Mount, but rather of the law which died when the new gospel came. Is it not better to teach a child to pay no attention to unkind remarks or slights, even to yield to a boor or a bully for the time rather than have an unseemly squabble with him? that it often requires more courage not to fight than to fight? that the really manly man is he who dares to revile not again? that enemies are to be made friends by kindness rather than by violence? that the only time when he is justified in striking another is when his personal safety or that of one who is unable to defend himself is in danger? These boys are to be men some day. They will be very much the same kind of men as they were boys. They ought to learn under mother's tutelage the better ways of righting wrongs and of showing their courage.

THIS great world is the mirror into which, to know ourselves, we must look. Let this be my scholar's book. To him a closet, a garden, the table, his bed, solitude, society, morning and evening, all hours will be the same, all places will be his school. It is not a soul, it is not a body, we are training. It is a man! —*Montaigne.*

The Old Story. At least it is beginning to get old in some places. A lady said to me the other day, "Since your talk to the teachers of our city, one of them has discovered that the eyes of my little girl are affected and has

brought her to the front seat. She had suffered much from headache and was losing interest in her studies. In a few days her headache left her and she is now taking more pleasure in school than ever. You may know how grateful I am for the discovery and I hope you will make every teacher see how important child-study is."

The Cause of It. At Newton Rev. Brown said: "I have been compelled to take my boy out of school a day or two every now and then because of a dreadful headache produced by the teacher requiring him to hold his book at the regulation distance as he studies or reads. He is very near-sighted and the strain on his eyes thus caused almost prostrates him at times." "Did you ever tell his teacher about it?" asked the superintendent. "No, sir!" And there it is! That "regulation distance" for a book is one of the most senseless and cruel things ever introduced into the schoolroom. There is the proper distance for the normal eye, of course, but to force all children to observe it is as unreasonable as to demand that all shall become of the same height of stature. But—

The Pity of It Is that the teacher in this case did not discover the trouble with the eyes of the boy, and still more that the father, knowing it all the time, should have failed to inform the teacher and talk freely with her about it. If we can have our way, there will be no shadow of an excuse for such negligence on the part of Kansas teachers in the future, and we call upon every superintendent and principal in the State to tell this story to their teachers and insist upon the most careful examination and considerate treatment of every pupil in their classes. We

also urge parents to be more free in talking to the teachers about the physical and mental defects of their children, that by their mutual confidence and sympathy they may serve the children more effectively.

Another Mistake. In one of our good little towns, the principal became exasperated at the repeated failure of one of his boys to heed his requests and to do his work properly, and gave the climax to a series of sharp reprimands and scoldings by punishing him severely in the old-fashioned way. The boy had been insisting that he had not understood the teacher, but protest had only brought an impatient "Pay attention to what I say, then!" With the severe punishment above named came a brutal attack upon the teacher by the boy's father, an exciting trial, and a six months' jail sentence. The excuse which the father offered was that his boy was hard of hearing and that the punishment the teacher had given him was undeserved. Whatever was the provocation, this fact should have been known by the teacher and it should have suggested a treatment with which the father could have been in perfect accord. Though the teacher is one of the noblest men in the profession, and he joined heartily in securing the commutation of the father's jail sentence, it must ever be a source of great grief to him that he did not take time to learn more about that boy before using such severe treatment.

Whose Fault? A month since, the whole state was deeply interested over the mysterious disappearance of a little girl in one of the Wichita schools, who had been suspended for a trivial offence, by her teacher. The first

report laid the blame upon the teacher and stated that the child felt the disgrace so keenly, that, crazed by grief she had chosen to go anywhere else rather than home. She was brought back a day or two after by a kind farmer in whose home she had found a refuge, and now comes the real explanations of her conduct. The teacher had required her to bring an excuse from her parents for tardiness or absence, and they had refused to give it to her, either through indifference or obstinacy, and the poor child, being shut out of school, was afraid to go back home lest she might be scolded or punished by her loving parents. It is not the first time that the teacher has been severely blamed, when the fault lay mostly if not wholly with the parents, and it ought to remind us again how helpful the sympathetic coöperation of parents would be to us all.

Are They Best for the Child? Miss Smith's interesting paper at Newton opens a fruitful line of inquiry concerning what things children remember most easily and whether they are most profitable for them. In a moral way they certainly have little difficulty in remembering a good many things that are not for their best interests. Some things that they ought to be remembering they are constantly forgetting. In an intellectual way the truth is probably no less evident. But why should one go to the other extreme and insist that that which is difficult to remember is most useful to the child? Let us have some further tests to give a better understanding to the matter.

Contagious Diseases. Teachers cannot be too careful about enforcing the rules excluding children with con-

tagious diseases from school. Familiarity with their symptoms, daily vigilance that their first appearance may be discovered, care in refusing admittance until all danger of infection is past, and prompt coöperation with the health officer have saved the life of many a child. There is hardly a community anywhere in which some family is not mourning the loss of a dear one whose death was caused by the ignorance of the teacher or by his neglect to protect it properly against the disease which carried it away. I can never forget how bitterly a friend of mine complained of the negligence which he was assured had robbed him of the idol of his heart. Be wise enough and brave enough to protect the little ones entrusted to your care. Better by far err on the side of safety than run any risk of jeopardizing a precious life.

Easy Enough. The other day a friend showed me a handsome present he had received from a lady in gratitude for curing her little boy of stammering. He had met the family on a boat and becoming interested in the boy, had spent a few hours in trying to cure him of the habit named. He found that a little patient drill in enunciation, slow but accurate at first, then rapid and varied, soon overcame the lack of muscular control, and in but a day he had the rare pleasure of hearing him speak as naturally and as fluently as any other child. All efforts of the mother had failed because they were not intelligently directed, and her joy at the success of my friend was unbounded.

Poking Fun. Years ago, a company of us were having an enjoyable half-hour poking fun at little Frank, when

his mother appeared on the scene and explained that he was not accustomed to being fooled and that she preferred that he should not take lessons in it just yet. Now, that incident furnished us some food for reflection, and we have agreed that no greater harm can be done to a little child than to destroy his naturalness and simplicity by the pernicious habit of ridiculing him and poking fun at him. A little of it may be a good thing in these early years, which is doubtful, but he will soon enough come in contact with those forces which embarrass and confuse him without our hurrying the process unduly.

"One Man Objected." Well, what if he did? Was that any reason why the school board should declare the principalship vacant, set the principal adrift hunting a new place, mortify his family, destroy his reputation, and put all the schools of the city under the extravagant and wasteful ordeal of introducing a new and untried man at the opening of the next term? What if half a dozen men or a dozen of them objected? Do you expect to find a man who will please everybody? Perhaps a little inquiry will show you that the man objects because for once his children are made to obey the regulations of the board, or because the principal has not shown the partiality for his children which they have been accustomed to regard as their right, or because of the disposition of the principal to follow his own judgment about the conduct of the school, or because he could not see his way to approve the application of the niece of the objector for a position as teacher, or because he bought his butter of another grocer, or because of any one of fifty silly little reasons, he, the

objector, has taken a dislike to the principal. The man who makes the fewest enemies may be a most cowardly trimmer and a miserable excuse as a teacher. The man who is brave enough to attempt the advancement of the schools and enforcement of order, can hardly avoid making somebody unfriendly, and school boards ought not to make a change until, after careful investigation, they are satisfied that the reasons for complaint are well founded and that the causes cannot be removed.

Everybody Makes Mistakes, and the principal ought to be given a chance to correct those he makes before he is decapitated. It is no light thing for a man to be compelled to seek another place, and the evil effect upon the schools of changing teachers can often hardly be overcome in a whole quarter's work. The moral effect is too frequently never overcome. As soon as a few children learn that a little rebellion and a little grumbling can drive a teacher away, they do not find it difficult to trump up an excuse and to keep the schools in confusion all the time. Disturbers here, they become disturbers in after life and everybody suffers. I venture the statement that a little reasonable effort on the part of members of the school board will usually satisfy the patrons and result in great good to the schools. An ordinary teacher, faithful to his trust, and generously sustained by his board, will accomplish far more than a procession of superior teachers, no one of whom stays long enough to realize his ideals, or to bring the children and the community into harmony with them. There are men and women who ought not to be

reëlected, but there ought always to be a better reason than because one man or several men object.

Lesson of the Bicycle. My instructor said to me at my first lesson: "Put yourself in harmony with your front wheel, become a part of it, and the victory is won." It did not take long to learn why, for as he rode about everywhere without touching his hands to the handles, I saw that it was because the wheel and the man were one. Here is a lesson for teachers in the schools. Though we may sometimes find it necessary to "lay on the hands," we must soon learn to control and direct by becoming one with the pupil, and by that method alone. The wheel unconsciously does the bidding of the rider; so the pupil may as readily be directed by the teacher, if he but becomes so fully a part of him that he knows his pupil's every impulse and so may quickly, silently, surely anticipate its coming and make it obedient to his own ideals.

War Talk. War has her victories, but peace also has her triumphs. In these days of bluster and of brag, the average citizen needs to be reminded that—

"He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city."

Victory over self assures victory over others.

DEAN STANLEY says:

"Think how often you have been mistaken; how often you may be mistaken yet again. Think how, in the warmth of your own better feelings, your hard and cold heart has melted, and you may fairly hope and believe that the same genial warmth will spread toward whom it is

directed; and many a proud spirit that would have long met scorn with scorn, and hate with hate, will be bowed down to the dust by one kind word; many a hard heart will be melted down by the morsel of bread and the cup of cold water, that would have resisted a whole furnace of angry invectives."

Keep Growing. It must not be forgotten that the teacher who is willing to rest on past or present attainments will soon lose caste in the profession, and will sooner lose the ability to interest and stimulate the children to great things for themselves. The freshness and vigor perpetually arising in himself with each day's growth are imparted to the children, and they always respond with corresponding activity. We must not imagine that we know it all, or that the wisest possess all the truth that will ever be known. Lowell says:

> The world advances, and in time outgrows
> The laws that in our fathers' days were best;
> And, doubtless, after us, some purer scheme
> Will be shaped out by wiser men than we,
> Made wiser by the steady growth of time.

The Sacredness of the Child. If anything can be said or done which will exalt the child in the minds of parents and teachers, there never was a better time for it than now. The "Doctor" said: "I wonder why we have always tried to read the supernatural meaning into the story of the Christ-child. I tell you the message of the angel means too that the birth of human life is always sacred. We might well say at every birth, 'Go and search for the young child and bring me word that I may come

and worship him.' " He comes into the world, the image of God, a prince among all his creatures. Shall he not have the choicest from a thousand hills for his meat, the softest fleece from the king's flock for his raiment, the most loving and tender of queens for his nurse, the most learned and consecrated of scholars for his teacher, the rarest and noblest of men for his companions, the holiest of missions for his ambitions? If he were my child, yes! If he were yours? Yes! If he were your neighbor's?—If-he-were-your-neighbor's—?

Buttoned-up Wrong. So Janet insists and explains that everybody is buttoned-up just one hole too high on one side or the other. Poor Janet! She squints; that's the trouble, and so she goes about seeing everything and everybody askew. Be kind to her. She may gain her normal vision some day, but it will never come by ridicule, nor by harsh treatment. This world is not out of tune. Neither is the great mass of God's children so far out of harmony with him as many people imagine. We must after all get our alignment from them, and he who discovers none good stands self-condemned at once; he sees the surface of things only and fails to discover the mighty pulses of humanity whose source is the great heart of God himself.

"Just Pegs!" The following from the *Pilgrim Teacher* ought to be passed along:

"They didn't let any little child put the pegs in!" said a three-year-old kindergartner mournfully at the table the other day, just after coming home from Sunday-school. "They did it all their own selfs!" "Oh, well," said

some one soothingly, "you had the fun of seeing *them* put the pegs in." "'Taint any fun!" persisted the child. "I don't care 'bout *seeing* pegs! It's pegs, but it ain't kindergarten." There the subject dropped. But some of the elders at table felt instructed. The essence of attractive and efficient teaching in the younger classes certainly lies very much in our success in getting the children themselves to "do things," as they put it. When they have learned the Bible verses at home, they want to say them; those who have carefully committed the golden text feel defrauded if they are not offered a chance to repeat it; and the little ones who have found out the positions of the towns around the Lake of Galilee feel that they have earned a right to "put the pegs in." Of course the teacher may do it and save time. It is a wasteful saving. The children look on listlessly, the glamour gone. As the baby said positively, "It's pegs; it ain't kindergarten."

The Primary Object. The truth is that the man or woman who gets the best happiness from life, who gives the most happiness back to his fellows,—who really makes a living,—does not live to make money. Any fool can make money; most fools can squander it; many fools can hoard it. The primary object of an education should be to instruct men and women in the gentle art of spending money after they have earned it. It is not a simple matter; when one thinks of the joy one may bring to tired hearts, the comfort one may give to weary hands, the wisdom one may see in an open book, the beauty one may conjure from a printed page—each with one humble Amer-

ican dollar, it is small wonder that the intelligent man should ask for more light before he executes his trusts and parts with that which Providence has lent him.—*William Allen White.*

Growing Better. The world must be growing better. Indeed we are growing better. You who have gathered here to-day assemble in a cause as holy in your time as that which called the Knights of the Cross to Jerusalem. The simple rites with which these doors are thrown open, begin a work which should mean to the world more than does the crowning of a king. With you, young men and women of Kansas University, is left the answer to the question, Shall this ceremony be consecrated to God, or shall it be an empty show—on a pagan holiday? Your work here, your lives when you shall leave these walls, shall prove the folly or the wisdom of your pilgrimage after knowledge. You should work, not because the night is coming, but because you have faith in a day that is coming. Faith—the evidence of things not seen! Faith—the substance of things hoped for! What a strange order, what a beautiful order, shall prevail in the day that shall be, when the mill of education has taken greed from the human heart, when men shall toil for the good they can do with the rewards of their labor! Then they shall master the science of getting only that they may practise the art of giving.—*William Allen White.*

You cannot give yourself up to learn the truth without becoming great.—*Dr. Hall.*

THAT man may last, but never lives,
Who much receives, but nothing gives;

Whom none can love, whom none can thank—
Creation's blot, creation's blank.

—*Thomas Gibbons.*

No Discipline There. We have no sympathy for that patronizing enunciation of some schools that discipline is unknown with them, as if this were a state to be desired. If order is heaven's first law, surely it ought not be made the last with man. An undisciplined school is no more desirable than an undisciplined home or an undisciplined state. Discipline is the very thing sought in the development of the man physically, mentally, morally, and spiritually. Discipline is victory to the army, prosperity to the government, happiness to the home, efficiency to the school, success to the individual. Discipline must be learned as other lessons in life, by study and practice; and every creditable institution of learning is bound to instruct therein if it aims to develop a complete, strong manhood.—*The Bulletin.*

Too Much Uniformity. "The practice in some public schools of requiring the children, when moving in a body, to observe more than the military rigidity of line, with penalties for looking in any other than a prescribed direction, or for lifting a hand to allay a facial irritation, reaches a climax in the San Francisco schools. There the boys, when lined up in front of the school, awaiting the tap of the bell, are required to stand with their arms folded across their chests exactly in the prison attitude. When they move it is with the prison lockstep, and between rows of nails driven into the sidewalk, and woe be to the unlucky youth who steps over the line. The criti-

THE OLD HOME

"I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long,
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And He can do no wrong."
—*John G. Whittier.*

From
KANSAS LANDSCAPES
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By O. P. Barnes

cism of the method comes from a detective. The boys, he claims, are acquiring a habit which in later years will be a source of annoyance and a cause of suspicion. Discharged convicts, the detective asserts, frequently resume the prison habit of the lockstep and the folded arms when their minds are preoccupied, and to the veteran police officer the motion and the attitude are as distinctive as the striped suit."

The above from a Western paper may overdraw the San Francisco method a little, but the point is well made.

The Lesson of the Barber. As he finished brushing my hair, my barber friend said to me: "There! You never had a better cut than that even for the thirty-five cents you paid the other day in Denver. Competition here compels me to do it now for fifteen cents, but I cut it just as well as I did when I received thirty-five cents for it. Some barbers say they manage it by giving a fifteen-cent cut, but I cannot afford to do that. Its effect on me would soon be to make me a second-class barber, and I have too much pride for that, to say nothing of my conscience." This reactive effect on the self is usually forgotten by all classes of people, not omitting the schoolmasters when they are content to give cheap work for low pay. They are not only wasting their opportunities and ruining their reputations, but they are also destroying their power to do first-class work when they wish to do it.

THE tear down childhood's cheek that flows
Is like the dewdrop on the rose;
When next the summer's breeze comes by
And waves the bush, the flower is dry.

—*Scott.*

A MAN who does not learn to live while he is getting a living, is a poorer man after his wealth is won than he was before.—*Holland.*

We Learn by Learning. That is, by keeping at it. This is not tautology. There is no other way to do it. I have a lady friend who is regarded as one of the best musicians in the West, and I find that she must have put nearly ten thousand hours at her piano in practice before she felt willing to undertake a very difficult piece of music on her own responsibility. She would spend the best practice hours for months on a selection before she would consent to play it in public and then her auditors found little to condemn and much to praise. This is the secret of true learning, and yet how many of us are trying to learn in a very superficial, hasty way, giving little time, care, strength, or method to the process. When we persistently strive to learn everything we undertake thoroughly well, the reaction upon the self becomes marked and wholesome, increasing one's skill and speed with each succeeding effort. No man ever became a great scholar who minimized the importance of the act of learning. *Ability to learn comes by learning.*

Jack's Trades Union. Jack came to town to get work and in an innocent way did so fine a job of mowing and trimming a lady's yard that several neighbors came to him to have their lawns mowed. They all said that he did so many things that other laborers overlooked. He soon had more than he could do, and ere long was able to buy a little truck farm for himself. He raised more potatoes to the acre than the other farmers and his customers in-

sisted that they were better. He seldom failed to sell a truck-wagonful on every trip. He was liberal in measuring everything. His biographer says that he always rounded up the half-bushel and then put still a few more potatoes on top, often saying to himself, "*They don't cost much, and it helps trade!*" He had many requests to join trades unions, but always insisted that the trades union between himself and his customers was good enough for him. Jack's theory and Jack's practice reveal the secret of the success of many people, teachers not excepted. We are too particular about the letter of the contract and stroke the half bushel every time. Let us rather imitate Jack, doing everything a little better and working a little longer than was expected. *It does not cost much, and it helps trade!*

The Conch Shell. What a beautiful fiction this, that the soft murmur of the conch shell as I put it to my ear, is the tale which the sea long ago poured into its chambers—a tale told to it in whispers and anon with the voice of the mighty tempest, the tumultuous churning of the contending waters, the deafening crash of wild thunders, the blinding sprangles of the livid lightning, the despairing cries of drowning seamen, the pitiful wail of the victims of the deep sea monsters—and yet all now issuing forth again from the labyrinths of the shell as a hushed lullaby, its discords and mad passions all gone, gratefully sweet and soothing. So the struggles and discords of life, the tempests, the disappointments, the shocking tragedies, the bitter sorrows, even the thrilling victories, gradually lose their sharp lines under time's tempering touch, mel-

lowing to a harmony with the key to which each life is set. Few professions are set to a nobler key than ours; few persons in any profession enjoy the consolations of a well-spent life more than the true teacher. The memories of the long gone years, years of conflict, of tension, of anxiety, of lack of appreciation, of self-denial, of sacrifice, of heart-aches, of betrayal of trusts, of defeat in cherished plans, return again in the mellow years purified and chastened by the one consuming motive of life, *service.* The pleasures of imagination, however dear to youth, are far less satisfying than the pleasures of a memory thus refined and hallowed.

Needed Encouragement. A young man, "who ought to have known better," was frequently offending, and had been repeatedly reprimanded. One day he protested that he was not getting the treatment he needed. He said, "I need encouragement, not scolding." Then he told his story, and it was sad enough for tears. . . . The indignation and impatience of the teacher at once subsided and deep sympathy took their place. He learned more about human nature in that passionate apology and appeal than he had learned before in a dozen years. He saw how often he had driven pupils from him who were longing for the very friendship and encouragement which he was able to give, and what a grievous wrong he had done his own better nature in shutting himself up in his self-sufficient shell and blindly ignoring the simple laws controlling the development of ideals of human conduct.

Humor in the Recitation. I remember it well. One of the young men in our class was being slowly driven to

the corner by the interrogations of our merciless president, and manifested his distress in such ludicrous ways to my seatmate and myself that twice we were forced to smile, the last time broad enough to attract the attention of the president himself. He had suppressed the class the first time by a withering look, but now he read the riot act in tones that had but one meaning. Though a very learned man and generally regarded as a man of good judgment, he lacked the power to discriminate between a healthy, innocent bit of merriment and that born of irreverence, disrespect, or ridicule. Anything of a humorous nature seemed to him to disturb the train of thought he was trying to develop and to be beneath the dignity of self-respecting students. How droll and dreary many of his recitations were! It grieves me that the only thing in my work with him standing out clearly in memory to-night, is the little episode above mentioned, and yet I am not disposed to blame myself much. My lessons were usually well prepared, and I enjoyed their study, but the utter humdrum of the recitation, the keen consciousness of the fact that a smile was "out of order, young gentlemen," the sphinx-like expression of the occupant of the Chair, and the nervousness induced by the fear of some little indiscretion in act or language, combined to suppress the interest already aroused and to rob study of its best fruitage. It is an easy thing for a teacher to destroy a recitation by too much levity, and this extreme is as reprehensible as the other, but the proper mean is certainly not difficult to find.

" If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try, again."

Willie had just learned this encouraging little couplet, and as he was closing his evening prayer, he surprised his mother by adding:

O Lord, make me very good,—
If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try, again.

There it is in a nutshell! Shall all perseverance be on one side? Shall the child be the only one to try again and again? Shall not the teacher also repeat his effort to help the child to see clearer and to be better? If he fail once, or twice, or even thrice, shall the quality of mercy be strained? Shall kindly effort therefore cease? Nay, verily, my brother!

Why Not? As our minister was leading his people in earnest prayer the other morning, the entire congregation was startled by a sharp cry from a little child in a rear pew. A lady near by slipped over and found a six-year-old boy pounding his little brother of five "to make him keep his head down until the prayer was over." The two had knelt very reverently, but the younger had grown restless and wanted to see what was going on around him, —hence the chastisement which followed. With no more regard for time and place, with no more reason for his course than this elder brother, many a teacher thumps and punishes a pupil for offenses no more serious, offenses that would have been overlooked but for the childishness of the teacher himself.

The One Thing Needful. Too many of us spend time hunting positions, which had far better been spent in fitting ourselves to fill them when offered us. Montan's advice to Wilhelm Meister will serve us as well as him: "Practice till you are an able violinist, and be assured that the director will have pleasure in assigning you a place in the orchestra. Make an instrument of yourself, and wait and see what sort of place humanity will kindly grant you in universal life."

Fresh-mindedness. Edward Eggleston, in his introduction to the "Schoolmaster in Literature," wisely declares that no other device of the teacher can ever render study so delightful to the pupils as the "fresh-mindedness" of the teacher himself. If his mind is refreshed daily by drawing inspiration from the masterpieces of literature, if his zest for knowledge grows keener with each new experience, he will hardly fail to render the pathway of his pupils delightsome. Whether a grade or high-school teacher, the need for good, wholesome mental food each day to keep the mind fresh and vigorous is just as positive as is the need for good and wholesome food to sustain a strong and healthy body. Every teacher will find it profitable to set apart an hour each day that shall be faithfully devoted to self-culture,—to the interpretation of some great poem, the reading of some thoughtful essay, the review of some interesting period in history, the analysis of some great character, or the study of some superior work of art,—to a better acquaintanceship with the life of the forest and field round about, and with the great social and industrial movements of his time. That

is the only way to maintain the fresh-mindedness so potent in the schoolroom.

Coming Along Nevertheless. Years ago I entered a railway car going east just as a heavy snowstorm came up from the west. We were soon flying along, and I settled down to my book. On looking up some time afterward, I was greatly surprised to find that the snow was coming from the east, and supposed that the wind had suddenly changed. As the train slowed up at the next station, however, the wind almost ceased for a moment and then was blowing from the west again! I then knew that the snow had been blowing from the west all of the time and that part of the time we had been going at a higher speed than the wind, hence the illusion of its change. We often get out of patience with our fellow craftsmen and with the world at large, because they seem to be standing still or to be going backward, when as a matter of fact they are moving in the same direction in which we are going, but may simply be coming along at a little slower rate,—possibly with a better understanding than we ourselves.

The Touch of Truth. Matthew Arnold says that *the touch of truth is the touch of life.* The children are not able at first to grasp truth in the abstract, but must be given it in the concrete. They must see it with their eyes and feel it with their hands; they must see it in action and be aroused by its touch. It is as true of moral as of intellectual truth, perhaps more so. The Master became incarnate to reveal the Father as the truth and the life. Men could not understand it before as they have since.

Laws, rituals, scourgings, ceremonies, the smoke of bloody altars, the odor of frankincense and myrrh, and symbols without number, had failed to bring mankind to its proper conception. Christ came to show that the truth and the life are one; through the life he showed the world the truth. The woman who was healed by touching his garments had life because she had touched the Truth. How full of suggestion to us! How much easier are our tasks assured if we but live the truth, so that virtue shall go out to our pupils if they but touch our garments. I have known such; and blessed is their memory.

"My Eyes!" In conducting an advanced spelling-class years ago, I followed the plan of requiring the students to exchange writing-spellers after the words had been written and to mark the misspelled words in each other's spellers. Some member of the class pronounced and spelled the words correctly as a guide to the marking. One day one of the pupils came to me complaining that her critic was marking words that were correctly spelled. I spoke about it to the offender, who, by the way, was one of the most conscientious girls I ever met, and in evident distress, she exclaimed, "My eyes! I suppose it must be my eyes!" A little investigation confirmed a suspicion which she had not been willing to verify for herself before, and a flood of light was at once thrown upon many of her difficulties. The story points its own moral.

Spelling by Muscular Pictures. A little experimentation will show you that in writing words, accuracy depends more upon the attainment of perfect muscular

movement in learning to write them than upon the eye-pictures. While the eye-pictures enable us to determine their correctness, the correctness of the writing is dependent upon the nature of the response which the muscles of the arm and fingers make as the word expressing the thought comes into the mind. We write hundreds of words automatically, the mind being engrossed with the thought. Who ever stops to spell out mentally the words he uses every day? How many of us are good proof-readers and yet make mistakes in spelling when the thoughts flow rapidly? How many seldom make a mistake in writing down their own thoughts and yet misspell many words when dictated in columns? How many blunder in oral spelling, but seldom write a word wrong? The problem of good spelling is a problem of muscular control as well as a problem of eye-pictures. This principle has long been recognized in penmanship and drawing, but is too generally ignored in teaching spelling. It explains why many pupils misspell words in their writing-spellers that they spelled correctly orally at home to their mothers or other members of the family. It explains the persistent misspelling of certain classes of words when children "know better." It also magnifies the importance of correctly spelling every new word as the child meets it, particularly as he attempts to write it, and of a sufficient number of repetitions to insure the integrity of the whole movement when the word is attempted again. As I am closing this paragraph, a principal of long and successful experience tells me that, at his suggestion, his teachers have for many years

required their children to write correctly several times each new word they meet, so as to fix definitely its muscular-picture, and that the results have always been most gratifying.

The two great banes of humanity are self-conceit and the laziness coming from self-conceit.—*Spinoza.*

To have the sense of creative activity is the great happiness and the great proof of being alive.—*Matthew Arnold.*

Self-activity. In Commissioner W. T. Harris' most profound and stimulating treatise on the Psychologic Foundations of Education, he clearly sets forth the function of self-activity in the educational process. Self-activity is the inherent activity by which an individual realizes itself. In the mineral, under given conditions, it builds up certain crystalline forms in accordance with ideals imposed upon it by a power above itself. Each mineral has its own characteristic crystallization and it can take upon itself no other. The vital principle of the plant germ through its activity realizes the ideal form imposed upon it, each producing after its kind. The same inexorable law controls all animal life, dictating the limits of self-activity and fixing the forms which it shall realize. In these three worlds,—the mineral, the plant, the animal,—the function of self-activity is purely that of realization, of form building, the ideal to be realized being imposed from without. In the realm of mind this self-same activity exists, but its function is now twofold: it sets up its own ideals and it also realizes them. The

office of education is then not to be limited to the process of training a child to conform to certain ideals set up by his teacher; it includes that higher and more important process, the process of teaching the child to think for himself, to build ideals of his own. Plants and animals can be trained, but not educated. Too many children are merely trained and hence become machines only. Their power to think is neither quickened nor directed. A clear understanding of the double function of self-activity naturally suggests the double function of education, hence the great value of a knowledge of the full significance of self-activity to every teacher. In our efforts to stimulate the thinking or idealizing activity of the child, however, we ought not to ignore the necessity for the development of skill in realizing his ideals. Parents often think it enough to assist a child to clear ideals of right and wrong and forget to assist him in doing the right and avoiding the wrong a sufficient number of times to make right action instantly conform to right thinking. They are also prone to forget the reciprocal effects of thinking and doing on each other, the enlightenment which comes to thinking through experience, the skill that in turn is attained in execution through the guidance of the intellect thus enlarged. The conception of this dualism in education is an essential basis for all method and all philosophy.

Utilizing Simple Means. In building a bridge across the Charles river, the workmen discovered a heavy sewer-pipe buried deep under the bed of the stream, which had been in disuse so long that everybody had forgotten it.

It became necessary to remove it. Heavy cable chains were attached and a steam tug was called into requisition. One failed to start it, and a second was called to assist. The two together could not shake it in its bed. A Yankee standing near said he could lift it without any machinery whatever, and after a little parleying he was given the contract to do it. He had two old hulls of ships towed up the river, and laid two immense logs across from one to the other, over which he fastened the cable chains attached to the pipe. He did nothing more but go up the bank and sit down and whistle. Soon the tide began to come up and the old hulls began to rock a little. Before the tidal wave had reached its full height they began to go with it, carrying the sewer-pipe along with them. And the Yankee continued to whistle!

The above story by Dr. A. E. Winship ought to bring many who read it back to "first principles" at once and ought to help us all to the solution of certain puzzling problems.

Loading Up. It is the easiest thing in the world for a teacher to permit himself to load up with all kinds of work. Just now there comes to me the case of a young woman who is breaking down and fears she will be compelled to give up her school. She is the leader of the church choir and of the young people's society of the church, teaches a class in Sunday-school, is an active member of a missionary society, is the moving spirit in a literary club, is keeping up the reading in the teachers' reading circle, and is punctilious in the discharge of her social duties. These things alone are enough to use up

the strength of an average woman, but when the work of the schoolroom with all its accompanying responsibilities and anxieties is added to them, there can be but one end. When there is so much to be done and the teacher seems to be the one most competent to do it, the temptation to yield to the solicitations of friends to accept leadership is always great, but the lesson might as well be learned first as last that one can do only a very few things thoroughly well. One's best time and best strength should be saved for his regular work. A reasonable amount of both ought to go into the service of the church and of society, but every one owes it to himself as well as to those whom he serves that he preserve inviolably a certain amount of time each day for self-culture. Growth ceases without it, and usefulness does not last long after that.

Ways of Doing Things. Dr. A. E. Winship is authority for a good story illustrating ways of doing things. A lady went to take charge of a school that was notorious for fighting. She soon discovered that a certain youth of fourteen was the leading pugilist, and sought means of winning his friendship. When she felt sure that she could ask a great favor of him, she told him she had a special request to make which she hoped he would grant at once. He told her with emphasis that he would do anything in the world for her, *except to quit fighting!* No argument could move him. Punishment had failed. What was to be done? She happened to read a story from "Greek Heroes" to the pupils one morning which interested the boy greatly. He asked her to lend him the book. In a few days he brought it back, saying that he

had read it through, but that "the stories did not read like they did when she read them." She agreed to read one a day after school for him. After a few more had been read, he told her with a sigh of despair that he had been born too late. She asked why. He replied that he was a born fighter, and that if he had been born in ancient Greece he might have been somebody. She told him that he might make a name for himself by stopping the fighting in that school. He said that he would do it. At the next recess she heard a disturbance at the door, and looking up, saw him holding a boy by the hair with each hand and occasionally giving them a push against the sides of the door by way of emphasis as he exclaimed: "I'll teach you kids how to fight around here. I tell you this thing has got to stop. There will be no more fighting in this school. Do you hear? Well, then, mind!"

And there was no more fighting in that school.

The Graces. While it is essential that every teacher should possess those graces of heart and soul which are everywhere recognized as the characteristics of true manhood and womanhood, success in managing children and in inspiring them with ideals of the finer sort is also dependent upon the external graces, or those graces which in a general way may be called the graces of attitude and expression. They include the habits, as commonly understood, such as cleanliness, neatness, stature, movement, expression, language, voice, manners, etc. Their presence is in large measure the secret of the success of many very ordinary men and women, and their absence, the

secret of the failure of many men and women of genius. Long ago—

Cleanliness was ranked next to godliness, and it holds its high place in these later years. In a land where water is plentiful and soap is cheap, there is no excuse for slovenliness. The civilization of a nation is easily determined by the quality and the amount of soap it uses,—likewise of an individual. In commending a lady to me some years since the president of an Eastern college said, "Her scholarship and ability are unquestioned, but when here, she was slovenly in body and dress, and I am afraid has not reformed." A visit to her home confirmed his suspicion, and she was given no further consideration. One may be poor, but he can always be clean. Least of all men the school-teacher has an excuse for filthiness, and yet I am sorry to say one of the filthiest men I ever met was a certain village schoolmaster, while one of the tidiest was a foundryman. In addition to the comfort given those with whom we associate, there is a freshness and a vigor which cleanliness perpetually begets that increases mightily our own daily relish in living.

Neatness is the Child of cleanliness, and it is difficult for one to keep house without the other. It shows itself in the kitchen-maid by the luster of her kettles and pans and by the tidiness of her bib and tucker, in the artisan by the condition of his work-bench and of his tools, in the shopkeeper by the attractiveness of his show-case and the judgment exercised in the display of his wares, in the teacher by the fit and the appropriateness of his clothes as well as by the condition and arrangement of the furni-

ture, the books, the apparatus, the work on the blackboard, his manuscripts, etc., etc. This grace reveals its presence in a multitude of little details that give a man or a woman recognition anywhere, and nowhere else more readily than with the children. What we need is influence with the children, power to control them by awakening their higher sensibilities rather than by brute force, and as we strive to influence our peers and our superiors by appeal to their æsthetic sense, shall we ignore its value in dealing with the children? When Joseph was asked to appear before Pharaoh, the first thing he did was to shave himself. One great secret in gaining favors, whether from children or adults, is to assure them by seeking them with such a gracious presence that it begets a desire to serve you even before the request is uttered. The people of this world are often more wise than the schoolmasters.

Stature. By this I do not mean size, great or small, though it may enter as a factor. I mean rather a symmetrically developed figure, a healthy, vigorous body, a square-shouldered, full-chested, clear-eyed, warm-blooded animal; one whose nerves are constantly giving off enough magnetism to quicken the movement and the perception of every sluggish child and to lead all of the pupils into harmony with itself. No person of low vitality ought to teach school, and, other things being equal, the preference should always be given to those candidates having the least physical blemish. I am sometimes told that this is a hard doctrine, *but the schools are supported for the sake of the children, and not for the sake of the teachers.* Does any one dare say me nay? In Phœnix, Ariz., as

well as in many other cities, a rigid physical examination is required of all teachers, and no applicant will be employed who shows the slightest tendency to tuberculosis. The æsthetic and hygienic reasons for this demand are, however, not the only weighty ones prompting it. If you desire to teach school, fit yourself for it physically as well as mentally. This fitting will necessarily include the grace of—

Movement, for grace in form is usually the product of grace in movement. Easy, natural positions in sitting and standing are characteristics of the well-bred lady or gentleman, and the self-possession shown in them gives an immediate command of a schoolroom that the lounging or fidgety teacher is never able to attain. One of the best instructors in my acquaintance recently lost a good position because he persisted in spreading himself all over his own desk and the desks of his pupils. He also had a hitching gesture, much of the time with his hands in his pockets, that made his pupils nervous and restless. The lazy, indolent way in which many teachers rise or sit down is simply inexcusable. In a week's time half of their pupils are unconsciously imitating them, and the demoralizing effect is most deplorable. Pupils naturally get their ideals from their teachers, and consciously as well as unconsciously imitate them in nearly everything they do, —in walking, in using the pointer, in handling the eraser, in gesture, in voice, in language, in manners, etc. A distinguished journalist was walking with me some time since and noticed all of the boys among my students tipping their hats as they met me. He said: "How is

this? Do you require all of your students to salute you in this way?" I replied: "No sir; I always tip my hat to them and few students fail to respond in the same way after the first greeting. Watch these little boys ahead of us as we meet them."

Milton says of his ideal,—

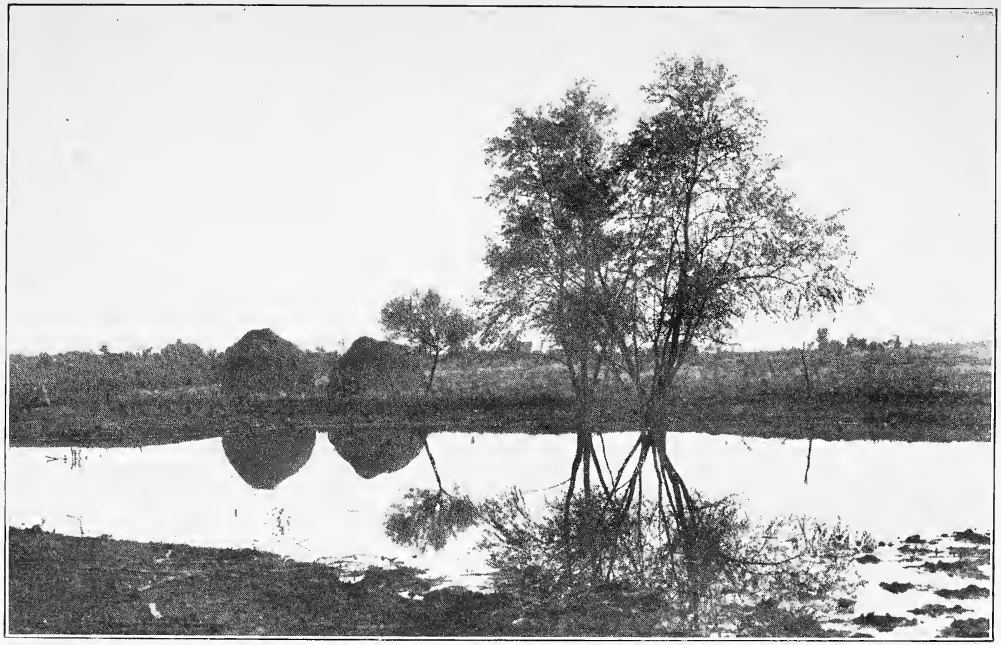
> "Grace was in all her steps,
> Heaven in her eye,
> In all her gestures
> Modesty and love."

So along with these graces should come the specific grace of—

Facial Expression, by which the changing countenance reveals the passions and thoughts of the soul within. No teacher has a right to enter his schoolroom habitually, or even frequently, with a long face, nor with a troubled face, much less with an angry or repellent face. Whatever of the other graces he may possess, if his countenance be indifferent or forbidding, he is at once shorn of much of his power. Nature may not have done much for him, but through interest and sympathy and consecration the homeliest faces become radiant and winning, assuring and helpful. A kindly eye, an encouraging smile, a flush of pleasure at the success of a pupil, evident regret at his failure, though not a word be spoken, are potent factors with all grades of children. A friend of mine rules every circle she enters by her smile; another drives nearly everybody away from her by the cynicism that shows in every look. It is said that in one of the French provinces the girls are taught from the moment they leave their

cradles that the chief end in living is to be beautiful. As a result, the girls and the women of that province are the most beautiful in all the world. It being possible to cultivate this grace, who is excusable for neglecting it? As the facial expression of a husband or wife by long association usually approximates that of the more self-assertive of the two, so in much greater measure and in much shorter time the countenances of the children are fashioned after those of their teachers. Remember the story of "The Great Stone Face."

Language is a grace that belongs in every good teacher's equipment. Among all the graces that I have mentioned, I prize none so highly as the grace of language,—the ability to express one's ideals readily, clearly, forcibly, elegantly in one's mother tongue—that mastery of words which always enables one to select exactly the right word at the right time, no matter what the demand or the occasion,—to use not simply the word having the desired meaning, but the word fit for the moment, the word having appropriateness of tone and of rhythm. Such command of language is invaluable at every turn the teacher makes, giving him skill in the recitation as well as in the management of his pupils. Once I heard a lady say that no music, vocal or instrumental, no painting or piece of sculpture, had ever affected her so powerfully as eloquent language. With this statement I heartily agree. I would rather converse like Madame de Stael than sing like the Swedish nightingale. I would rather write like Hawthorne than play the violin like Ole Bull. No other grace is so insinuating, so irresistible. No one can read



AN AUTUMN DAY

"And all over upland and lowland
The charm of the golden rod,—
Some of us call it Autumn.
And others call it God."
—*William Herbert Carruth.*

From
KANSAS LANDSCAPES
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any author much without unconsciously imitating him in style and diction. How much more true it is of a child that whatever there be of excellence or defect in the language of his teacher or his parents it will assuredly become part and parcel of his own endowment. If I were to be permitted to choose a companion and teacher for my child who speaks graceful English, but would not teach it technical grammar, and one who speaks "ordinary" English and would teach it grammar, I would not hesitate a moment about preferring the former. It would not be difficult to foretell the result in either case. When our examinations in grammar include the graceful use of the English language in conversation and writing, we shall have taken a great step forward.

I am laying stress on these graces for their utilitarian effect, not in a narrow but in a broad sense, and do not hesitate to include the—

Grace of Voice. The grace of language is greatly enhanced by it, but the voice has a specific value of its own. Many people are reached by a musical voice who are deaf to language only, and children are particularly susceptible to its charms. Byron says,—

> "The Devil hath not in all his quiver's choice
> An arrow for the heart like a sweet voice."

But it is also even a more effective weapon for appealing to the finer and nobler sentiments of the soul, and its office in education has too long been overlooked. It is not enough that a teacher read well and speak well on the platform. He should have a well-modulated voice, pure in tone, low in pitch, rich in quality, incisive,

flexible, resonant. Nasal, twangy, high-pitched voices will sooner or later ruin any school; the same is true of very low, asthmatic, or aspirated voices. Peevish, mournful, rasping voices are far too common, and yet how are we going to suppress them as long as teachers will use them in the schoolroom as models for their children? A teacher should give as much attention to the voice he uses as to the sentences he utters.

Good Manners. The merely learned man is not a civilized man. He becomes civilized only when he has attained that mastery of self and of social forms which continually prompts and enforces deferential and gracious treatment of those with whom he comes in contact, whatever their rank or station. The art of good manners is a fine art, and when properly learned is a passport to any circle, to any home. It wins friends everywhere. Emerson says that "Address rules the world." It gives its possessor the mastery of palaces and of fortunes wherever he goes. The great diplomats have all been masters of this art. Queens of the social circle are without exception skilled in it. Many teachers win the affection and loyalty of their pupils by a graciousness of manner and a gentleness of courtesy whose subtle power even gross souls cannot resist. Given, the graces already named and this grace of good manners and the problem of government is already solved for a teacher in most schools. But again, and for a thousand times, let it be said that "the graces are catching," and of no other is it more true than of good manners. Refined, gentlemanly boys and ladylike girls are better assured by example than by precept only.

The atmosphere of a schoolroom over which such a teacher as I am describing presides, will do more toward quickening the finer sensibilities of child nature and eliminating selfishness and boorishness than all of the lectures that father Gradgrind could deliver during his natural life.

Subconscious Forces cannot be ignored in education. They give tone to a child's feelings and often affect them most subtly and profoundly. Whatever pleases him, gains so much power in controlling him. As a matter of fact, the principal part of the educational process is in making conditions, setting up suitable environment, putting into operation healthy and appropriate stimuli. This being true, do you not see the vital importance of surrounding a child with those influences that conspire to refine and uplift him? If you are a conscientious teacher, in just such measure as you lack the graces named, will your daily burden be increased; and here again is emphasized a more liberal preparation for the holy calling of the teacher than is usually thought necessary.

Can You Reach It? The noble standard of action which Marcus Aurelius sets up for us may well be carefully studied by everybody. Shall we not try to reach it?

"One man, when he has done a service to another, is ready to set it down to his account as a favor conferred. Another is not ready to do this, but still in his own mind he thinks of the man as his debtor, and he knows what he has done. A third, in a manner, does not even know what he has done; he is like a vine which has produced grapes, and seeks for nothing more after it has once

produced its proper fruit. As a horse when he has run, a dog when he has caught the game, a bee when it has made its honey, so a man when he has done a good act, does not call out for others to come and see, but he goes on to another act, as a vine goes on to produce again the grapes in season. Must a man, then, be one of these, who in a manner acts thus without observing it? Yes.

"What more dost thou want when thou hast done a man a service? Art thou not content that thou hast done something conformable to thy nature, and dost thou seek to be paid for it, just as if the eye demanded a recompense for seeing, or the feet for walking?"

The Future Life. The following oft-quoted inspiring words from Victor Hugo, as premonitions of the end of his life came upon him, may serve to quicken your vision and help you also to catch the strains of immortal symphonies:

"I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest which has been more than once cut down. The new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds. . . . You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul the more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head, and eternal spring is in my heart. Then I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets, and the roses as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds

which invite me. It is marvelous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is history. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose, verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, song,—I have tried all. But I feel that I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave, I can say, like so many others, 'I have finished my day's work,' but I cannot say, 'I have finished my life.' My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes in the twilight, to open with the dawn.

"I improve every hour, because I love this world as my fatherland. My work is only a beginning. My monument is hardly above its foundation. I would be glad to see it mounting forever. The thirst for the infinite proves infinity."

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